

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Peking 'Visit'

THE circumstances surrounding the Dalai Lama's sudden departure for Peking—at least a week before his scheduled departure date—has revived fears in Tibet, India and Burma that this marks the second stage of the Chinese domination of Lhasa. The prevalent fear is that the Dalai Lama, 19-year-old spiritual and temporal head of Tibet, who is surrounded by a strongly anti-Communist group of counsellors and followers opposed to Chinese rule, may never return and that the young Panchen Lama, the rival spiritual head, will replace him. The followers and advisers of the 17-year-old Panchen are said to be more sympathetic to the Communist cause and it is obvious that the Chinese would prefer the young Panchen Lama installed as the civil and religious leader of the country. The Chinese authorities invited the two Lamas to visit Peking to attend the first National People's Congress and there was also talk of drawing up a new constitution for Tibet. But the Buddhist hierarchy of the country was immediately suspicious. According to Tibetan authorities in Kalimpong, the original departure date, July 19, was brought forward at the advice of the Chinese in various monasteries. But undoubtedly these reports were forced into making these predictions for throughout the country there was growing opposition to the Dalai's visit, and Tibetans were converging on Lhasa to petition him to cancel his trip. There were also reports from Kalimpong that Tibetans, led by noblemen, were threatening a mass uprising and that Chinese troops were being stationed all along the proposed route to the Chinese border. It appears therefore that the Chinese authorities felt that unless the departure date was brought forward, they might not be able to forestall Tibetan opposition before the Dalai Lama reached the border. Considering China's reputation in Tibet, it would appear to be politically unwise for the Chinese now to provoke the suspicion of that majority loyal to the young Dalai for it would do little to enhance the already none too secure state of Sino-Tibetan relations. For while Chinese military domination may be secure, the Han men have made little headway in their attempts to wrest political and religious control from the old traditionalist Tibetans. The Chinese may therefore find that the abduction of the Dalai—if this is intended—far from removing a barrier to the complete annexation of the country, may have a serious retrogressive effect upon its administration.

BLOW TO GENEVA HOPES

Big Three Make No Progress On Cease-Fire

Geneva, July 16. France, Great Britain and the Soviet Union failed tonight to break a mounting deadlock on an Indo-China peace settlement and prospects of a cease-fire by Monday's fatal deadline hung perilously in the balance.

The French Premier, Pierre Mendes-France, the British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, and the Soviet Foreign Minister, V. M. Molotov, met for more than two and a half hours at the British delegation's villa, in an effort to iron out the East-West difficulties blocking agreement.

Informed sources said afterwards that no progress at all had been achieved.

The three sat down together to examine two rival draft cease-fire proposals prepared by the West and the Soviets. Their aim was to find where they agreed and where they disagreed.

They found mostly disagreement, informed sources said.

An informed Western diplomat said afterwards: "It was hard going with no advance. Whatever progress was made was procedural and technical. There was no progress in substance."

The three ministers issued a brief communique after their session reading: "This evening informal talks took place between the two chairmen of the conference—Mr. Anthony Eden and Mr. Vyacheslav Molotov—and the head of the French delegation about the work of the conference."

Sources said no further meetings were arranged but it was agreed that the conference should continue for the time being through private behind-the-scenes meetings.

No plans were made for another plenary session. The main purpose of tonight's meeting was to draw up a balance sheet of agreed and disagreed points in the draft armistice texts submitted by East and West. But the Ministers got beyond this and went on to negotiate about the disputed areas.

STOOD FIRM
The "no progress" comment referred to part of the discussion which got down to the real issues dividing the two sides. Diplomatic quarters believed Mr. Mendes-France, supported by Mr. Eden, stood firm in his demand that the truce line across Vietnam, the largest Indo-China state, should be drawn roughly along the 16th parallel. The Communists, who originally asked for a line on the 13th

parallel, have already offered to strike a bargain on the 16th and it was assumed in conference circles that Mr. Molotov tonight refused to budge from this line. The question of the truce line is one of the three dominant issues still awaiting solution.

TWO ISSUES

The two others are: first, when and in what conditions elections should be held to reunite the country under a single government, and second, control of the armistice and international guarantees of it. The only achievement of tonight's meeting, according to authoritative sources, was that the Ministers generally agreed the kind of treaties that would have to be signed in an armistice agreement.—*Reuter*.

TOUGHER ATTITUDE

The diplomatic correspondent of the Daily Express said: Ever since Tuesday's Paris meeting between Mr. Eden, Mr. Dulles and Mr. Mendes-France, Mr. Molotov has adopted a much tougher attitude.

This was first apparent when Mr. Eden hurried from Geneva's airport on Wednesday night to tell Mr. Molotov the Paris talks had made no difference to the conference. Mr. Molotov was icy, impeccably polite and quite unrelenting.

Last night he spent four and a half hours at Mr. Mendes-France's villa. Throughout that time during which they dined together Mr. Molotov was correct and reserved—unbending only on small points to show he appreciated he was the dinner guest.

'Keep A Stiff Upper Lip'

Washington, July 16. The Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Walter Bedell Smith, flew to Geneva today to join show-down talks between the Communists and the Allies on a cease-fire in the Indo-China war. As he said goodbye to the Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, he said: "Keep a stiff upper lip."—*United Press*.

Determined To Marry

Colombo, July 17. A 25-year-old trader of Yathena, near Colombo, proposed to and accepted by his intended mother-in-law when his bride-to-be changed her mind at the registry office.

At the last moment the bride gave a very definite "no". Groom and mother both pleaded with her and she would not budge.

But the trader was equally determined to get married so he told her mother: "If your daughter cannot marry me then you must."

The mother-in-law, a widow in her mid-thirties, accepted at once.—*Reuter*.

Bitter Fighting Near Hanoi

Hanoi, July 16. Ten thousand French troops and tanks were in heavy fighting north of Hanoi today, the second day of a two-pronged French drive to sling back infiltrated Vietminh regular troops menacing the city.

Latest reports said the French thrusts were progressing favourably.

But the French have evacuated the camp of Enlun, 45 miles north-east of Hanoi, which had been encircled for four days. Its garrison of 80 joined a French rescue column early today, reports said.

General Rene Cogny, French Commander in northern Indo-China, said in an interview that 60,000 Vietminh troops had infiltrated into his Hanoi-Haiphong subsector and a further 60,000 surrounded it.

He added that "prudence demands" the French women and children be evacuated from Hanoi. If agreement came at Geneva, they would have to be evacuated. If not, there would be a battle for the city though not necessarily right away.

BOMBERS SUPPORT
The French drives north of Hanoi, each launched by 5,000 troops, were near Sonlay, 25 miles north-west and near Phulung Thuong, 40 miles north-east.

Bombers and fighters supported the French Union troops. The Vietminh replied with violent mortaring to the creeping barrage of shell fire ahead of the thrusting French columns.

A High Command spokesman said losses were appreciable on both sides, but no figure was yet available.—*Reuter*.

New R.A.F. Bombers To Carry A-Bombs

Washington, July 16. Field-Marshal Earl Alexander, British Minister of Defence, said today: "We have got bombers going into production very shortly that will carry the British atomic weapons we are manufacturing."

Lord Alexander arrived by plane from New York for a two-week United States visit. He was met by the acting Secretary of Defence, Mr. Robert Anderson, General Matthew Ridgway, and the British Ambassador, Sir Roger Makins, among other officials.

He said he had no agenda for his visit and no specific questions to discuss, but "no doubts there will be a lot of questions of mutual interest and of common concern between us". In this connection, he admitted that guided missiles would be a subject of discussion.

He also said, "I think anything we can do to strengthen our common defence is very necessary and Britain will do its best to put its weight in this regard."

NO IMMEDIATE SHIFT
Earl Alexander was accorded full military honours, as he arrived at the National Airport.

He said there would be no immediate shift to "press-button warfare" but rather a "gradual phasing-in of new weapons."

Field-Marshal Alexander will leave Washington on July 19 for visits to the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland, the Air Force Missile Test Centre in Noca, Florida, White Sands Proving Grounds in New Mexico, Fort Bliss (Texas), Los Angeles Air Force Flight Test Centre at Muro, California and the Boeing aircraft plant at Seattle.—*United Press*.

Peron: 'Me, Sick? Nonsense'

Buenos Aires, July 16. President Juan Peron called a press conference today to deny reports that he is sick.

"I don't feel handicapped in anything," he told Argentine newsmen. "I am able to put on my boxing gloves again and go back to my past activity."

He said he had been receiving letters about his alleged illness including offers to cure him.

The President also announced that the Government would give more newspaper to newspapers.—*United Press*.

RESERVES FOR TUNISIA

Paris, July 16. A division of the General Reserve will arrive very shortly in Tunisia to help maintain order there, it was learned today from an authoritative source. Part of the division should be already at Marseilles, according to a military source, *France-Press*.

P.C. Fined For Dangerous Driving

Melbourne, July 16. A policeman who drove a car past a red light in pursuit of an offending motor cyclist was fined £15 and had his driver's licence cancelled by a Melbourne court.

He was charged with having driven in a manner dangerous to the public.

The magistrate told him: "A policeman cannot lawfully expose members of the public to grave danger to life and limb for the sake of catching a criminal."—*China Mail Special*.

Tommy Manville Arrested

Allegedly Insulted Ninth Wife

New York, July 16. Millionaire Tommy Manville was arrested today on charges brought by his ninth wife, Anita.

She accuses him of being disorderly, using insulting language and threatening her.

They have been estranged since shortly after their marriage in 1952.

A detective arrested Manville at his luxurious home here and took him to Police headquarters where he and his wife conferred with lawyers and police officials.

Mrs. Manville has been receiving an allowance of \$1,000 (\$387 sterling) a month since their separation. Last week she moved back into his house against Manville's protests and locked herself in a bedroom. After nine days of wrangling, she was escorted from the house by police on a bad cheque charge that was later dismissed. The complaint against her had been filed by her gardener.—*Reuter*.

Floods Now Cover Hungary

Vienna, July 16. Hungary battled against the worst floods in its history today as millions of tons of water spilled out of the Danube's several meandering channels in the northeast of the country.

Budapest radio reported evacuations from towns in the 200 square miles Szeged area, between two of the main channels which was entirely flooded.

Reyfu, a suburb of Győr, with a population of 80,000 and one of Hungary's most important industrial towns, had been completely evacuated.—*Reuter*.

The Hague, July 16.

The Second Chamber of the Dutch Staten-Generaal approved a statute today uniting Holland, Surinam (Dutch Guiana) and the Netherlands Antilles in the West Indies into one realm. Agreement on the statute was reached last month after negotiations lasting nearly six years.—*Reuter*.

Horrible Death In Germany

MAN'S SUICIDE IN LION'S DEN

Brave Rescue Attempt By Woman Guard

Nuremberg, Germany, July 16. A German youth committed suicide today by leaping into the lion's den at Nuremberg Zoo today and was clawed to death despite a woman guard's brave attempt to rescue him.

The youth, about 21, jumped into the pit, waded through a protective moat and walked without hesitation right up to the lions.

They roared in hunger and pounced on him.

A woman guard sprang into the pit and frightened two of the beasts away. She pleaded with the youth, by then seriously mauled, to go back to safety with her.

Torn and bleeding, he refused. The animals finished him off.

Twenty spectators were peering over the railing when the youth jumped in. He screamed when the lions attacked and the cries attracted dozens more.

JUMPED IN
The guard, 50-year-old Margaretha Storch, heard the youth's screams, ran to the pit and unhesitatingly jumped in.

Officers fired live bullets over the lions, but the animals paid no attention as they clawed the body.

The officers finally loosed tear gas into the pit. That forced the crazed lions back and the mauled body was recovered.—*United Press*.

REDS CLAIM FIVE PLANES

Tokyo, July 16. Radio Peking, monitored here tonight, claimed that five Chinese Nationalist planes had been downed or badly damaged on the south-eastern coast of Communist China earlier this month. The broadcast said that these planes comprised two F-47 aircraft brought down and two others set afire over the eastern Chekiang coast on July 6, and finally one F-47 was "hit" over Amoy on July 8.—*France-Press*.

Mervyn Rose Has Operation

Klagenfurt, July 16. Austrian doctors said that the Australian tennis star Mervyn Rose was in "excellent condition" here tonight following an emergency appendicitis operation at the Landwehrkrankenhaus. Rose, who had been playing exhibition tennis at nearby Foertschach, was brought to the hospital last night with a dangerously inflamed appendix. He was in severe pain.—*United Press*.

In old Carolina

Some time ago now the Governor of South Carolina was endeavoring to recover a runaway slave from the Governor of North Carolina. The slave, however, was protected by powerful friends and negotiations could not have gone slower in Manassah. At a banquet given by the Governor of North Carolina the Governor of South Carolina made a speech demanding the return of the slave and ending with: "What do you say?" It was then that the Governor of North Carolina made his famous reply: "It's a long time between drinks."

The longer it is between drinks the more delicious is Rose's Lemon Juice. The pure juice of Nature's most delicious fruit sweetened with fine cane sugar, tangy, long and cold with ice cubes in a tall glass—drink it down and at your tongue comes to roasting a new song. "Aah—mother! Rose's Lemon Juice please!"

ROSE'S
Lemon Juice
—MAKES THIRST WORTH STILL—

FLY PAL TO MANILA
4 FLIGHTS WEEKLY
Flights every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday leave Hong Kong at 1 p.m. and arrive in Manila at 3 p.m. local time. Flights leaving Hong Kong 4 p.m. Thursday arrive in Manila at 6 p.m. local time.

PAL PASSENGER AIRLINES

Book your home-leave car with GILMANS!

★ Booking your home-leave car with Gilmans ensures you of Gilman Service in both Hong Kong and England.

Gilmans, London, take care of all the details of registration, licensing, insurance and delivery, and are always at your disposal to help with any motoring problems throughout your leave. . . . Gilman Service is continuous service!

Book your Hillman Minx, Humber Hawk, Humber Super Snipe, or Sunbeam Talbot with

GILMAN MOTORS
172 Nathan Road Tel. 3704/3709

Book your home-leave car with GILMANS!

★ Booking your home-leave car with Gilmans ensures you of Gilman Service in both Hong Kong and England.

Gilmans, London, take care of all the details of registration, licensing, insurance and delivery, and are always at your disposal to help with any motoring problems throughout your leave. . . . Gilman Service is continuous service!

Book your Hillman Minx, Humber Hawk, Humber Super Snipe, or Sunbeam Talbot with

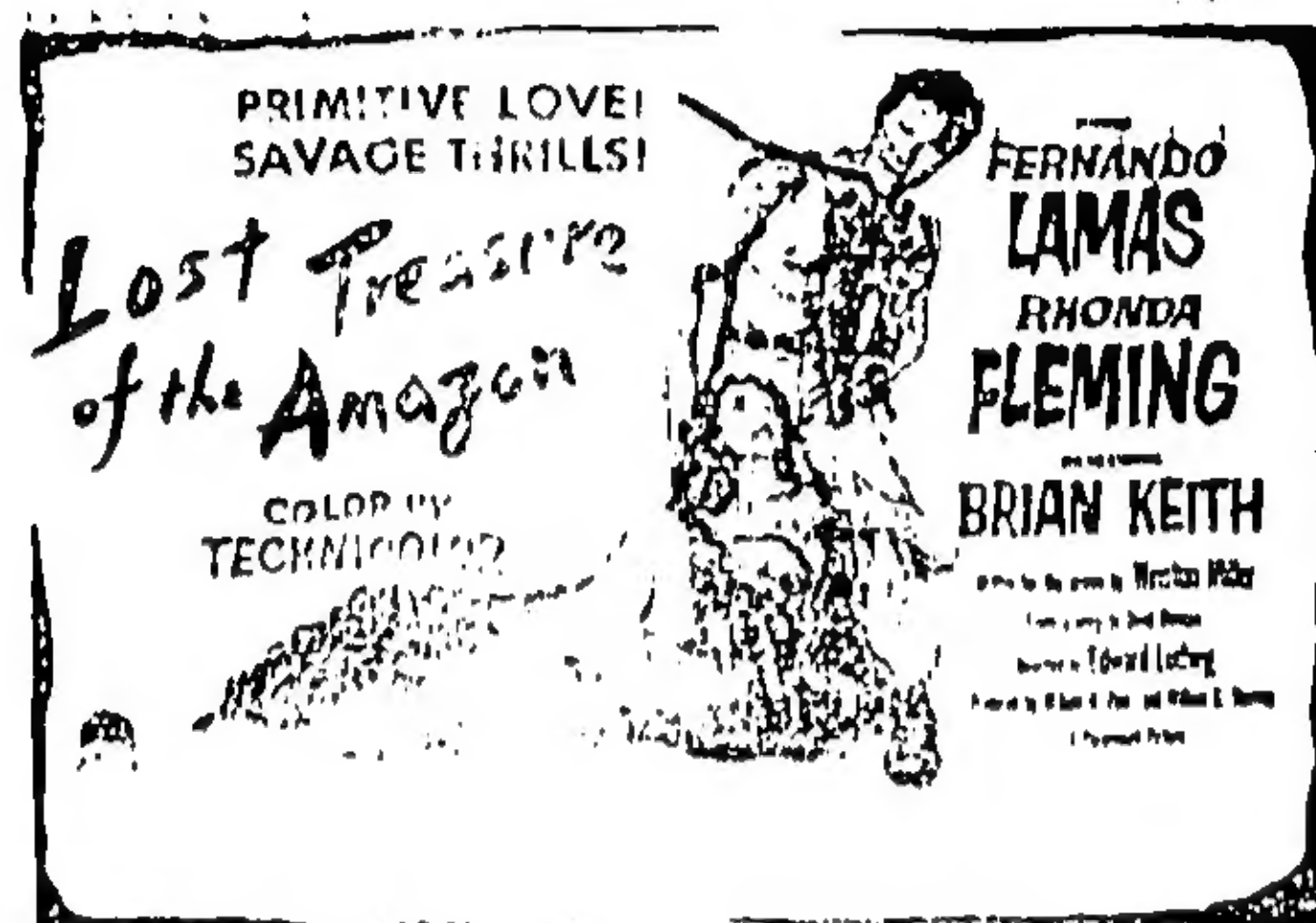
GILMAN MOTORS
172 Nathan Road Tel. 3704/3709

SUNDAY MORNING **KING'S** **AT**
11.30 A.M.
20th Century-Fox Presents
Gregory PECK • Richard WIDMARK • Anne BAXTER
in
"YELLOW SKY"
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

KING'S-PRINCESS-EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 and 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.

TO - DAY



EMPIRE

SUNDAY MORNING
SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

20th Century-Fox Presents
A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

PRINCESS TO MORROW

At 11.00 a.m.

EXTRA MORNING SHOW

Variety Programme of
WALT DISNEY — RKO RADIO
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

CAPITOL LIBERTY

Tel. 73515 Tel. 50333

LAST 5 DAYS

SEE IT NOW

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.25 & 9.40 P.M.

with
Perspecta Stereophonic Sound
and
New Astrolite Screen

M-G-M's FIRST PRODUCTION IN

CINEMASCOPE

Knights of the Round Table

in COLOR magnificence!

STARRING ROBERT TAYLOR - AVA GARDNER - MEL FERRER

OVERTURE:

"MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"

Presented by M-G-M Symphony Orchestra

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

M-G-M presents

TOM & JERRY CARTOONS

In Technicolor At Reduced Prices

LEE GREAT WORLD

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW
AT 12.00 NOON
"CARNIVAL STORY"

DON'T FIGHT IT, BABY...

you love me

real love

real love

real love

real love

real love

real love

real love

real love

real love

real love

real love

real love

real love

real love

French Gangster Film Is Runyonesque

By JACK SCHEMEIL

The world of the cinema has just been enriched by France's first major gangster film, "Ne touchez pas au grès," which means, "Lay Off the Dough."

Rather than let Hollywood keep a monopoly on this type of film, the French have come up with a piece of cinematographic violence, brutality and raw passions that might well excel James Cagney's and Edward G. Robinson's best contributions of this nature.

The veteran director, Jacques Becker, threw everything but the kitchen sink into this hodgepodge of the French underworld. Men are killed, knives and bullets, cars overturned and burnt, a moll is snatched and a kidnapped mobster is suspended from his fingertips to make him "sing."

Unlike Fernand's "Public Enemy No. 1," which was a satire, Becker's film takes things seriously. Jean Gabin, well known in the United States, plays the leading character, Max the Lion, a gangster who reforms in the last reel.

Not stopping at giving it the full treatment, Becker's screen adaptation of a detective novel by Albert Simonin retains the language of the Paris underworld which only members of the underworld and Simonin's readers understand.

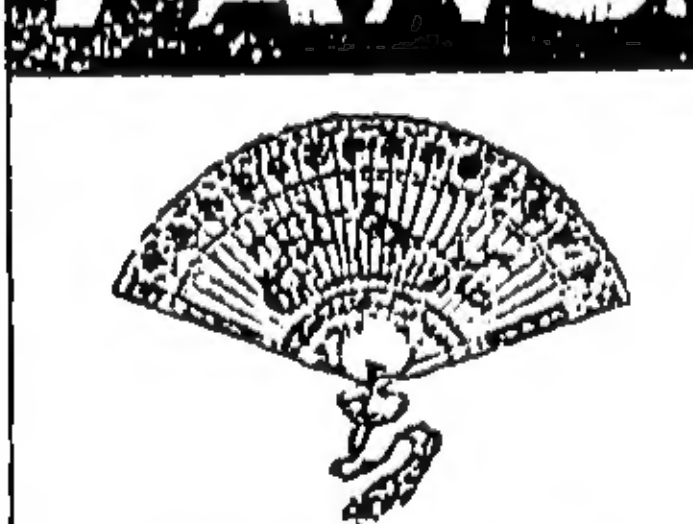
Becker's quest for authenticity of this kind is based on the premise that countless thousands of Frenchmen are Simonin's avid fans. English-speaking audiences, however, will be saved the trouble of following the strange language of the original. There will be a dubbed version, and also one with subtitles. The language will be common-use English with a bit of Damon Runyon thrown in.

Curiously, Runyon fits the French underground to perfection. Max the Lion is a counterpart of Harry the Horse. There's one character called Piff the Loafer and others carry nicknames that to all intents and purposes have come off the pages of Runyon's short stories. The story of "Lay Off the Dough" deals with two rival mobs, fighting for the possession of a hidden treasure in stolen gold worth \$30 million francs.

Becker shot much of his film in the authentic locale of Place Pigalle at the top of the Montmartre, waiting every night until the blisters emptied.

Other scenes were filmed in fashionable Avenue Hoche where Max's moll supposedly occupies a swank apartment. A climactic gun battle was fought out with blanks in the woods of St. Cloud.—United Press.

FANS



SANDALWOOD-SILK FANS, PLASTIC, CARVED FANS, ETC.

By

JUB TAI CHOON FAN FTY.

254 QUEEN'S RD. C.

HONG KONG

TEL: 27081 CABLE: 8170

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

TELEPHONE

CABLE

International Flavour For "Helen"

By GEORGE SALERNO

Take an American director, a French actor, an Italian actress, add several British and Greek supporting players, and you have an idea of the international flavour of the "Helen of Troy" being made by Warner Brothers.

This \$6,000,000 1954 film version of the Homeric classic is being attempted at Cinecittà studios since MGM made its super-colossal "Quo Vadis" here four years ago.

The Hollywood director is the veteran Robert Wise, and he has as his stars the French matinee idol, Jacques Sernas, portraying Prince Paris, and the strikingly beautiful Rossana Rossellini, in the title role.

Then there's the American actor, Robert Douglas, as Agamemnon; the Maltese-American, Eduardo Ciannelli as Andros, the Greek fisherman, and a Greek actor, Alex Revillos, as the Spartan captain, Alpheus.

Britain is represented by Stanley Baker as Achilles, Terence Longdon as Patroclus, the Greek warrior, and Cedric Hardwicke as King Priam.

The largest sound stage in Italy was commandeered for the erection of King Priam's throne room. Now completed, the massive plaster creation of the Cinecittà features 20 40-foot colonnades flanking it on three sides.

Britain's Bluebell Girls ballet troupe came down from London and already has completed its work before the "Helen of Troy" cameras, executing the colourful bacchanal ballet under the watchful eye of Madame Mady Obolensky, Russian-born ballet teacher.

The "Helen of Troy" film story is an adaptation by Hollywood writer John Twist, who has concentrated on the romance of Helen and Paris in his version, eliminating as much as is practical of the "preliminaries" of the Trojan war.

In Greek mythology, Helen as a child was carried from Sparta by Theseus to Attica. She returned years later to her homeland, where she became Queen of Sparta, and married Menelaus, the choice of her father.

Warner's version opens with Helen already Queen of Sparta, and concerns itself mostly with her flight to Troy with Paris and the eventual Spartan-Trojan war which leads to the death of her handsome lover.

The picture is expected to be completed later in August.—United Press.

Film Talk

By JANE ROBERTS

Film companies must always be on the lookout for dominant personalities to weave their screen plays around. Contemporary characters, preferably with something shady about them, are preferred from the Box Office angle, of course. But there's so much thin ice to skate over in such cases, that by the time the subject has given his permission for the expurgated material to be turned into a picture, it's worthless except as a portrait of a saint.

Even colourful characters recently deceased are unlikely starters, as they've always got the odd relative hovering, lynx-eyed for points to take to the law courts.

By far the most satisfactory of the Princess Pulchra and a from all angles is the historical savage version of feminine personality. If he was bad, so much the better; if he was good, then there must have been a daughter.

Recent examples have been Julius Caesar, King Arthur and Lucius Borgia, while further back, Queen Cleopatra, Bonnie and Clyde, and Cleopatra came in for their share of attention. Now we're to hear about two people who've (as far as I can remember) not graced the screen so far. If any of your memories are better than mine I'll be only too pleased to hear about the previous pictures.

VEIL LIFTED

I'd been puzzled for some time by seeing, in the advance publicity columns, pictures of both Jack Haines and Anthony Quinn as Attila the Hun. No story had come through with the pictures and I'd been very much mystified. Now comes the lifting of the veil.

Rome and Hollywood, vying for the cash of the world's movie fans, have finally clashed head-on with two films on the same subject.

As hundreds of fifth century Huns, led by an American-born Attila, stream down the Apennines towards genuine Rome, extras in similar garb are emerging from the Hollywood hills to rush a replica of the real thing.

Both films deal with the story of the Hun leader whose followers, 700,000 strong, crossed the Alps into Italy after ravaging most of Europe and who almost wiped out the remnants of the split Roman Empire.

The Italian Attila is a Hollywood actor, Anthony Quinn, who considers this one of the roughest roles of his career. The Hollywood barbarian chief is Jack Palance, who considers this one of the finest roles of his career!

ROUGH AND TOUGH

The latter apparently went into strict training for his role—he is reported to have said "As long as I've been asked to play Attila, I'm going to keep the character as historically correct as possible. Attila was rough and tough, I've got to be too."

And here's the sidelight on Attila that must have inspired Palance. "Attila, one of the fiercest leaders of history, grew up on raw meat and mare's milk, had 400 wives and could drink several gallons of wine without flinching." There must be a long queue to play Solomon.

But back to the Hun. Both films are climaxed by Attila's death, but otherwise they manage to tell different stories. The Hollywood version is centred on the court of Emperor Theodosius, of the East, and the Rome story has Emperor Valentinian, of the West.

Hollywood's Jeff Chandler plays General Marcellus who supposedly defeats Attila to become a Roman Emperor himself. In the Roman version, the French star Henri Vidal, plays General Ezio whose army is butchered by the Huns.

America offers Ludmilla Tcherna, ("RED SHOES") imported from France in the role of the Hun.

SHOWING TO-DAY **MAJESTIC** AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.50 & 9.30 P.M.

FIRST TIME SHOWING IN KOWLOON! ON OUR NEW GIANT WIDE SCREEN!

HERBERT J. YATES presents **"SEA OF LOST SHIPS"** A REPUBLIC PICTURE

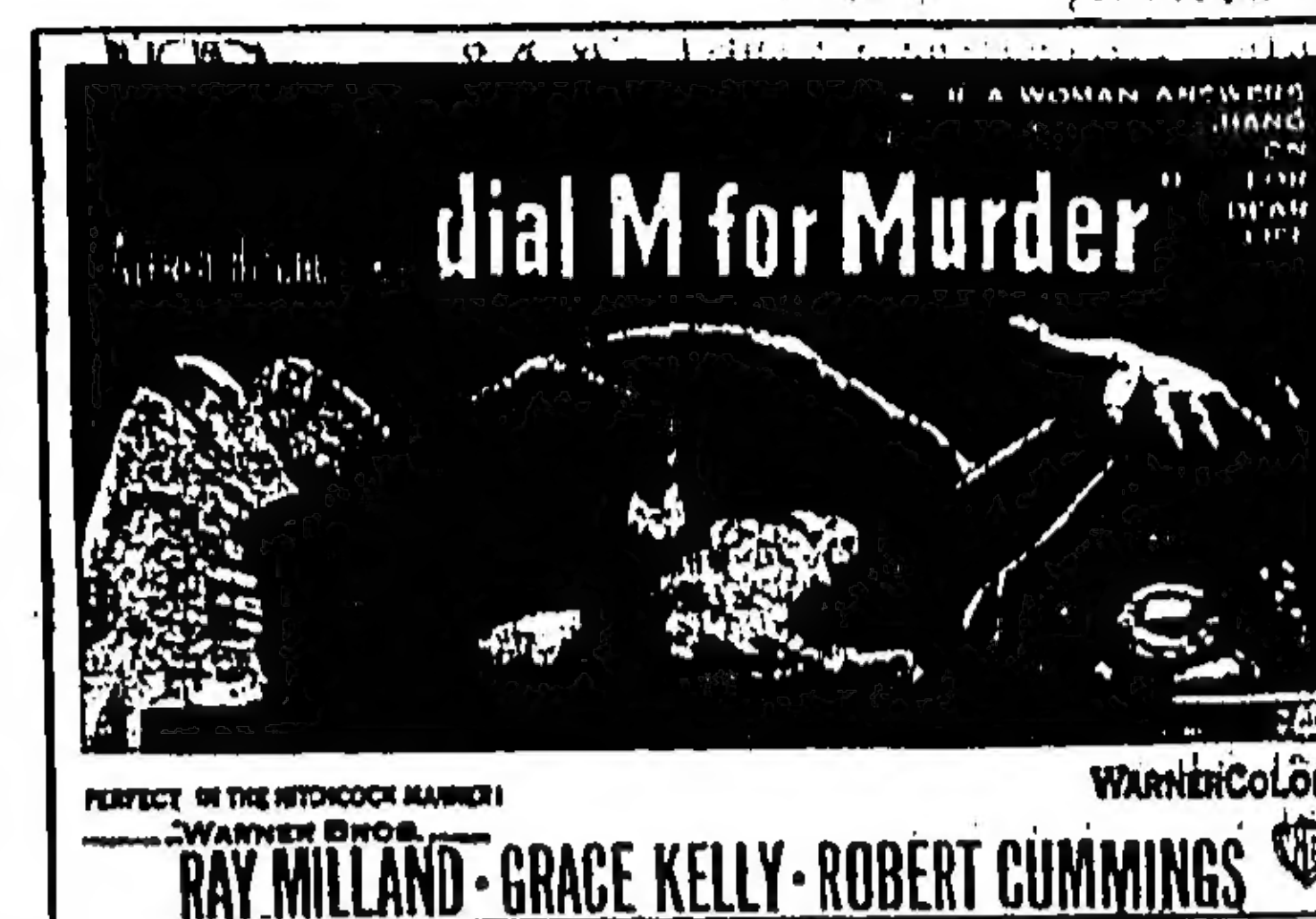
JOHN DEREK • WANDA HENDRIX • WALTER BRENNAN

Also, (Later 20th Century-Fox Moviehouse News TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.) **"BROKEN ARROW"** AT REDUCED PRICES

QUEEN'S
5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
"Dial M For Murder"
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

Special Times To-day: 2.30—5.15—7.30 & 9.40 p.m.



ADDED! A CINEMASCOPE Preview of WB's Parade of Comng Big Hits

ALHAMBRA

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 a.m.

Walt Disney's Technicolor

"SO DEAR TO MY HEART"

Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times!

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



ADDED ATTRACTION: Cinemascope Short Subject

"THE FIRST PIANO QUARTET" Color by DELUXE

ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow

Extra Performance At 12.00 Noon.

BOOK EARLY!

HOOVER

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371

GLORY—BIG! BULLET—BOLD... blazing with all the fury of the roaring western frontier!

It holds the scorching saga of the west!

GUN BELT

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

GEORGE MONTGOMERY

TAB HUNTER

Wanted the whole lot!

LATEST BRITISH PATHE NEWS

SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE AT 12

WALT DISNEY'S COLOUR CARTOONS

Reduced Admission Prices: \$1.50 & \$1.00

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

WALSHAN Rd. KOW LOON TEL. 50100

• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



TROOPS of 16 Airborne REME (TA) engaged in exercise "Pegasus Bridge" in the Romney Marsh and Dungeness areas. The exercise was based on the first phase of the liberation of Normandy, where the 6 Airborne Division opened the assault on Western Europe. Vehicles are seen being brought ashore on Camber Sands. (Army News)



LEFT: At the London fashion show for men organised by the Men's Fashion Council and the International Wool Secretariat, Mr Buck Brannard, Australian actor, caused quite a stir by modelling this frock coat, which has not been seen at Ascot for 30 years. (Express)

RIGHT: Jaroslav Drobný goes for a quiet spot of fishing in Surrey after winning the Wimbledon singles crown from Australian Ken Rosewall. (Express)



DURING their State visit to London, King Gustav and Queen Louise of Sweden visited the capital's Swedish Church. Queen Louise is being presented with a bouquet by two small girls from the Swedish colony. (Express)



THESE London office girls stopped during their lunch hour to watch the eclipse of the sun through smoked glasses. (Express)



THE men players of the Soviet chess team who are playing a series of matches in London. On extreme left is the reigning Soviet chess champion, Yuri Averbakh, who is an engineer by profession. David Bronstein, who has been twice Soviet champion, is on the right. (Express)



MAJOR Gwilym Lloyd George, Food Minister, puts a match to a giant replica of a ration book at this bonfire in Thornton Hough, Cheshire, lit to celebrate the end of all food rationing in Britain after 14 years. (Express). Below: The event was marked by the gift of 50 carcasses of lamb to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, by the New Zealand Meat Production Board. Here is Master Cook Ernest Ralph Fullbrook getting to work on a leg, watched by General Sir Bernard Paget (centre) and Colour Sergeant Thomas Raishbrook.



A section of the Manor House Garden at Crayford, Kent, has been given over as a "Garden of Remembrance" for citizens of Crayford who lost their lives in the 1939-45 war. The Lord Bishop of Rochester, the Rt Rev. C. M. Chavasse, seen dedicating the Garden.



FILM actress Yvonne de Carlo arriving at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, for the premiere of "Happy Ever After," in which she co-stars with David Niven and Barry Fitzgerald. Miss de Carlo wears a gown of black lace and taffeta nylon. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



DAIRY
HEAD
CHOCOLATE

ROCKING CHAIR RICHES

By JAMES WICKENDEN

HARD work, said Victorian writer Samuel Smiles, is the way to success. Go West, said the Americans. They had Democracy and the American Way of Life to spur them on. This century the world has been totting up the results in terms of national incomes and standards of living.

The results are startling. In the list of richest countries proportionate to population, America is not at the top, and of course Britain is well down. In fact, the wealthiest are amongst the world's smallest states.

Worse still for the moralists, one of them—Monaco—made its pile from Monte Carlo's gambling. Another—Liechtenstein—makes fabulous sums from selling its postage stamps.

Andorra, on the French-Spanish border, earns good money from a commercial radio station.

All of them profit greatly from the tourist trade, and best proof of their prosperity is that there is no income tax to pay in these states. The earnings from their pleasurable businesses pay state expenses.

NO LARGESSE

Monaco's Casino has not done so well since the English Nobleman, so beloved of continental hoteliers, no longer distributes largesse on the Grand Tour. But instead of sternly rolling up its shirt sleeves, it has found another benefactor.

That arch-enemy of British oil-tanker interests in Arabia, Mr Aristotle Socrates Onassis, has invested large sums of money in the Societe des Bains de Mer, Monaco's state tourist organisation.

Liechtenstein has also found an easy way to keep going. Foreign firms can escape income tax by registering in the state on payment of small annual fees. The businesses need not take offices in Liechtenstein or employ local staff in fact, they exist on paper.

Andorra depends for most of its income on smuggling, carried on under the benevolent eyes of its government and the brightness of the neon lighting shining in its mountain streets.

NEW OIL-RICH

But these wealthy little states do not compare with others that have worked even less to earn national fortunes. They are the new oil-rich territories of Kuwait and Brunei.

Brunei town stands on stilts on the north coast of Borneo, and one of its Malay princes was the first to discover its oil. He found it without laborious testing. It was just seeping through the walls of the local coalmine. Brunei is now so wealthy that it has officials whose only task is to decide how to spend the money.

Wisely, most of it is going on long-term development plans. But there is still so much left that diminutive Brunei was able to make a large gift to neighbouring Malaysia as aid in its present distress.

The only poor little rich state today is San Marino, in Italy. Its penny days seem to have departed since it freely elected a Communist government.



"I suppose you realise that now they can get steaks like foreigners, British sportsmen have no excuse for not winning everything." London Express Service



TEA in the JUNGLE

Brazzaville, French Equatorial Africa

HOW can I stop Erisa drinking tea? Out here, at Brazzaville, on the hot lip of tropical Africa, it is brandy and water for the French officials, palm wine for the maddening crowds, orange crush for me.

But for Erisa it is tea—"China, it's my plait, a little milk and two lumps."

It has been the same all the way along so far. He disappeared at Amsterdam, Rome, Kano, all the places along our air route from Europe. Once they had to loudspeaker for him.

Where was he? You guess. Tucked away behind a teacup.

20S. A MONTH

HE has picked up his tea addiction after four years in Great Britain. Erisa Kironde, B.A. (Cantab), is pure African—a Muganda, where the exiled King Freddie, the Kabaka, comes from.

But now he says: "My mother is Africa. My father Great Britain. And paternal influence is on the increase."

Erisa's is a success story of a very special variety. When his mother gave birth to him in the maternity

Muganda is a single member of the Baganda tribe who inhabit Uganda, a section of Uganda. What do they speak? Luganda.

TOM STACEY, who described in a best seller called 'The Hostile Sun' how he found a lost tribe in Malaya, is off again—on a Journey to the Unknown through the jungles of Africa. In this first message he portrays his companion, Erisa Kironde, a Cambridge graduate from Uganda



On that note we're setting out to pierce the heart of Africa
by TOM STACEY

home of Mukono, Uganda, his father was earning 20s. a month as a student teacher.

A week's rest for Mamma, and then a family friend jogged her home with her firstborn son in his risk-shaw.

It was ten sweltering miles home to Busuzibulongo (pop. 350), over the red, rain-runnelled roads of Uganda.

Father was at the door to meet his proud wife. He had news too. He had been appointed an Inspector of schools.

Soon the family would be able to move out of their mud and wattle hut with its corrugated iron roof.

That was in 1926. The first British missionaries had penetrated Uganda to set up their station just 32 years before.

The boy grew up in an atmosphere of simple Christianity, filled out with the fables mamma told her children of the proud and powerful Baganda.

For 400 years, throughout all the grotesque chaos of

East African history, shot through with Arab slavery and tribal strife, the Baganda had maintained a form of democratic government.

His mother died. His father married again and worked harder and harder. Still with the urgent progressive faith of the missionaries, the family strove forward into the world of Western rhymes and reasons.

TO SCHOOL

WHEN Erisa was seven, off he went on the back of his father's motor-bicycle to a boarding school. King's College, Budo.

They call it the East Africans' Eton. Perhaps it might just as well be called the East Africans' Harrow. But I am an Old Etonian, so let's not.

There is one certain difference between Eton and King's College, Budo. To keep a boy at Eton for a year costs about £100. Budo costs £19. That is why Erisa's father was able to keep his bright boy there.

But it meant a terrible lot more hard work for father; and when Erisa was 19, with a scholarship just gained for Makerere, Africa's university, his weakened father caught pneumonia and died.

Some of his last words were: "Go to Britain, son." Erisa has often said to me that life is a relay race. "Each man has a button. It is his duty to run as far as he can and then pass it to his children to carry along further."

TO CAMBRIDGE

ERISA knew he had been passed the baton. At Makerere he worked hard, and became captain of soccer and swimming.

Out of the 400 students at Makerere the authorities

picked him to go on a scholarship to Cambridge.

Immediately a secret ambition, shifting about in the back of his mind, leaped into possibility. He would represent Cambridge at soccer.

A few months later he arrived in Cambridge. A stocky, tough African student. A superb soccer record. A likely looking star performer for his college King's.

But no, he would not be playing much soccer. He had lost a leg just after his scholarship selection, when a grazed shin went poisonous. And he says: "You know, Tom, I think it was so lucky. What would I be doing if I hadn't lost it? I wouldn't be here now."

That is nice for me—it is the sort of comradeship which is going to make this expedition go along fine.

But there is more to it than that. More, even, than the precious B. A. after his name. And that is a meditative, unhurried acquaintance with Britain and Western Europe.

Something you do not get much on the soccer field. People, places, the sorrows and solaces of this old, old civilisation of ours.

FRIENDS

BEHIND him, after four years at Cambridge, he has left bunches of friends. The first African many of them had ever known. Some of them helped us pack his spare artificial leg in a case too small for it.

They will not forget him. He will not be forgetting them.

When we have journeyed our way across Africa to Uganda, later this year, Erisa will start his career in commerce. That is the game the Europeans play (and the Indians too, mark you), sit an African, means to play content forward in time.

With him he takes something new and rare in African thought: a knowledge of the European mind. A knowledge he has fought for in long winter evenings curled up fire at his Cambridge digs with his guitar to fill in the pauses between the arguments.

And, we realise, there is that something else he is taking with him: out of dear old Britain. What was it? I heard him say just now to the milky-faced Dutch air cadet who was panting in like a pig of cadet's mechanism as we flew into Brazzaville in our little Duff airplane. "I think it's you, mate. You know, and you

Weak EYES CAN RUIN YOUR WORK!

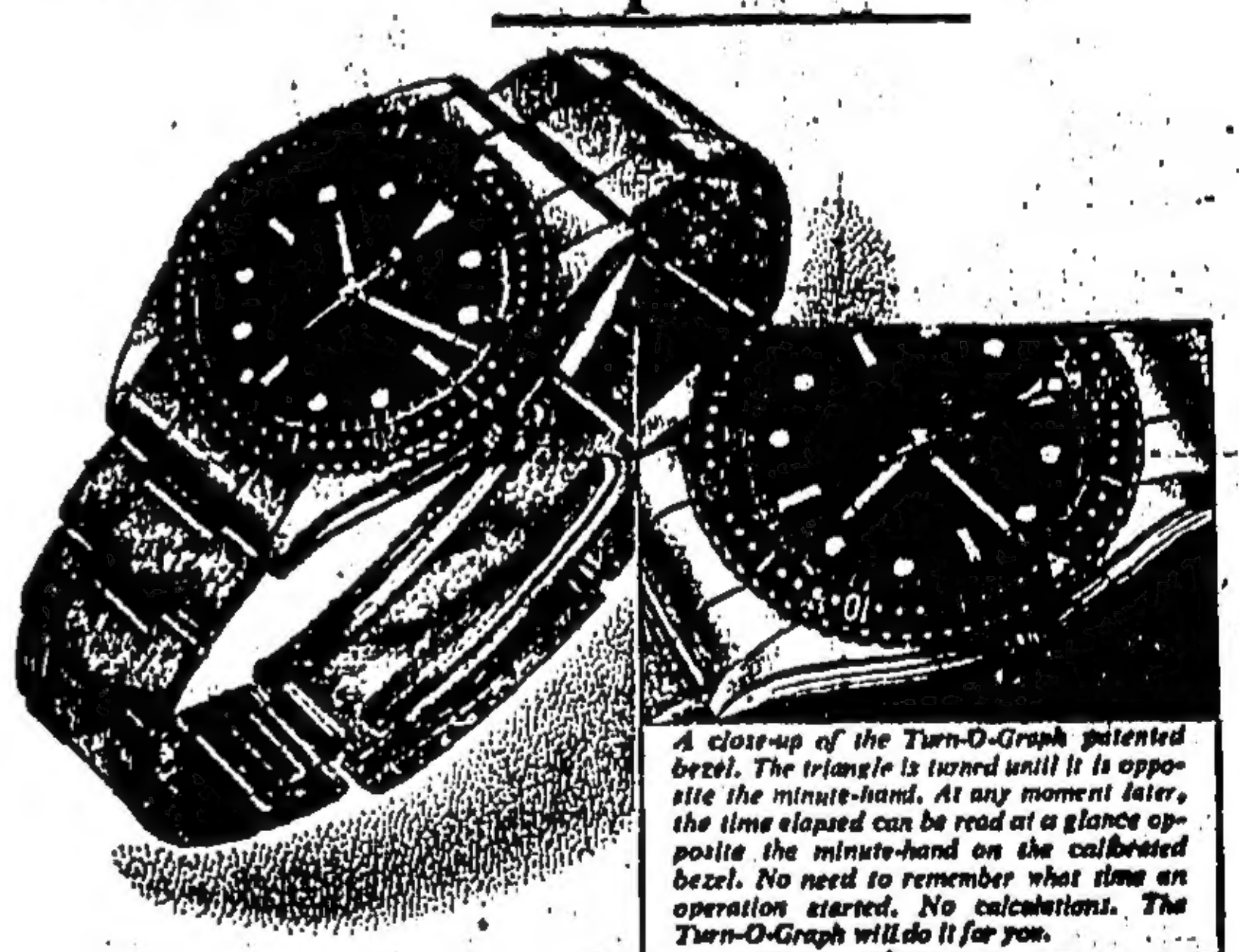
When your eyes ache, work suffers. To soothe and strengthen them, bathe eyes regularly with Optrex Eye Lotion. It washes away dust, relieves eye fatigue—makes eyes sparkle! Doctors recommend it.

Optrex PROTECTS YOUR SIGHT

DON'T WASTE WATER

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME!

A self-winding, waterproof watch that acts as a stop-watch



Thousands of men would like a stop-watch on their wrists. But the average stop-watch is a highly complicated instrument that may not always stand up to hard wear, and may need expensive servicing. It cannot be permanently waterproof—because of its push-buttons; it cannot be self-winding, because its hundred extra parts preclude the addition of a self-winding mechanism.

Now, Rolex have produced and patented the Turn-O-Graph, a new development in watch-making. It has a genuine Rolex Oyster Case (without push-buttons) and is consequently absolutely waterproof. It is self-winding by the smooth, silent Perpetual "rotor" mechanism. It has almost all the advantages of a stop-watch, and none of the complications. And, in addition, the Turn-O-Graph gives you the hardness and accuracy of the world-famous Rolex Oyster Perpetual, yet it costs very little more.

HOW IT WORKS Round the dial of the Turn-O-Graph is a patented rotating bezel, calibrated from zero to sixty, with a clearly visible red triangle at zero. By turning the bezel so that the triangle is aligned with the second, minute, or hour-hand, you can quickly read off periods of time elapsed.

Alternatively, the red triangle on the bezel can be pre-set to show when an operation should start, or end, thus reminding you every one of the hundred times a day you look at your watch.

This simple, but remarkable, invention allows you to time anything—from the humble boiled egg to a trans-oceanic flight. There is no limit to the uses you will find for the Turn-O-Graph.

The Turn-O-Graph illustrated has an all-steel case with a jet-black dial. The sweep second hand is equipped with a luminous tip. Also available with de luxe gold bezel; and, magnificent "honey-comb" white dial.

Officially Certified Chronometer Movement. Write for detailed literature, brochures via the Turn-O-Graph, or send it to your nearest Rolex Jeweller.

ROLEX A landmark in the history of Time measurement

Imported from Holland!



PRODUCT OF MORE THAN 300 YEARS OF BREWING SKILL... IT'S SMOOTH AND MELLOW... Heineken

The World's Finest Beer

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS THE FRIESLAND TRADING CO., LTD. HOLLAND HOUSE

the "Gold Room"

THE COLIN BAKER SHOW

LARRY STELLAR & LOREL GRANT & COLIN BAKER TO-NIGHT AT 11 P.M.

* DINNER DANCE EVERY NIGHT *

Delicious European, Chinese & Indian Cuisine

Nathan & Kimberley Roads **Hotel Miramar Restaurant** Reservations Dial 83011

HOUSEWIVES vs. BUTCHERS

By JOHN McKENNA

BRTAIN hailed the dawn of Monday July 5 with an anticipatory smack of the lips. The roast beef of Old England was off the ration, and with it the choice cuts and joints, a shortage-bedevilled race of meat-eaters had almost forgotten.

But the jubilation was short-lived. By the evening of the same day, newspapers were carrying the full story of Meat-Mad Monday. Butchers had made a vicious attack on the ration, and the market, where Londoners meet, the approach was jam-packed.

with meat-traders' trucks. And the prices were gold-rush standard.

That long-awaited steak was six shillings a pound. One London butcher-shop offered instalment plan terms for meat-buyers.

It looked as if the Socialist gloom-prophets had been right after all. Rationing by the book had given away to rationing by the purse.

By the end of the week, however, Socialists had learned another lesson in economics... that rationing by the purse cuts both ways. Angry housewives kept their purses closed and were rationing butchers' profits. The butcher's

from the high-prices, saw the writing on the wall.

Faced with the prospect of their purchases going bad on them, butchers started slashing their prices. And when the time came for shopping for the traditional Sunday joint, housewives found prices back to normal and that they could be choosy with much-deflated butchers.

No one was more surprised than the queue-waiting housewives themselves. For the second time—they did it once before with sky-high prices—they had proved that the customer is always right if she's ready to be determined enough.

Other readers took good note of the object-lesson. The good old day—the "cheat-of" take it or leave it, was gone.

Some of his last words were: "Go to Britain, son."

Erisa has often said to me that life is a relay race. "Each man has a button. It is his duty to run as far as he can and then pass it to his children to carry along further."

TO CAMBRIDGE

ERISA knew he had been passed the baton. At Makerere he worked hard, and became captain of soccer and swimming.

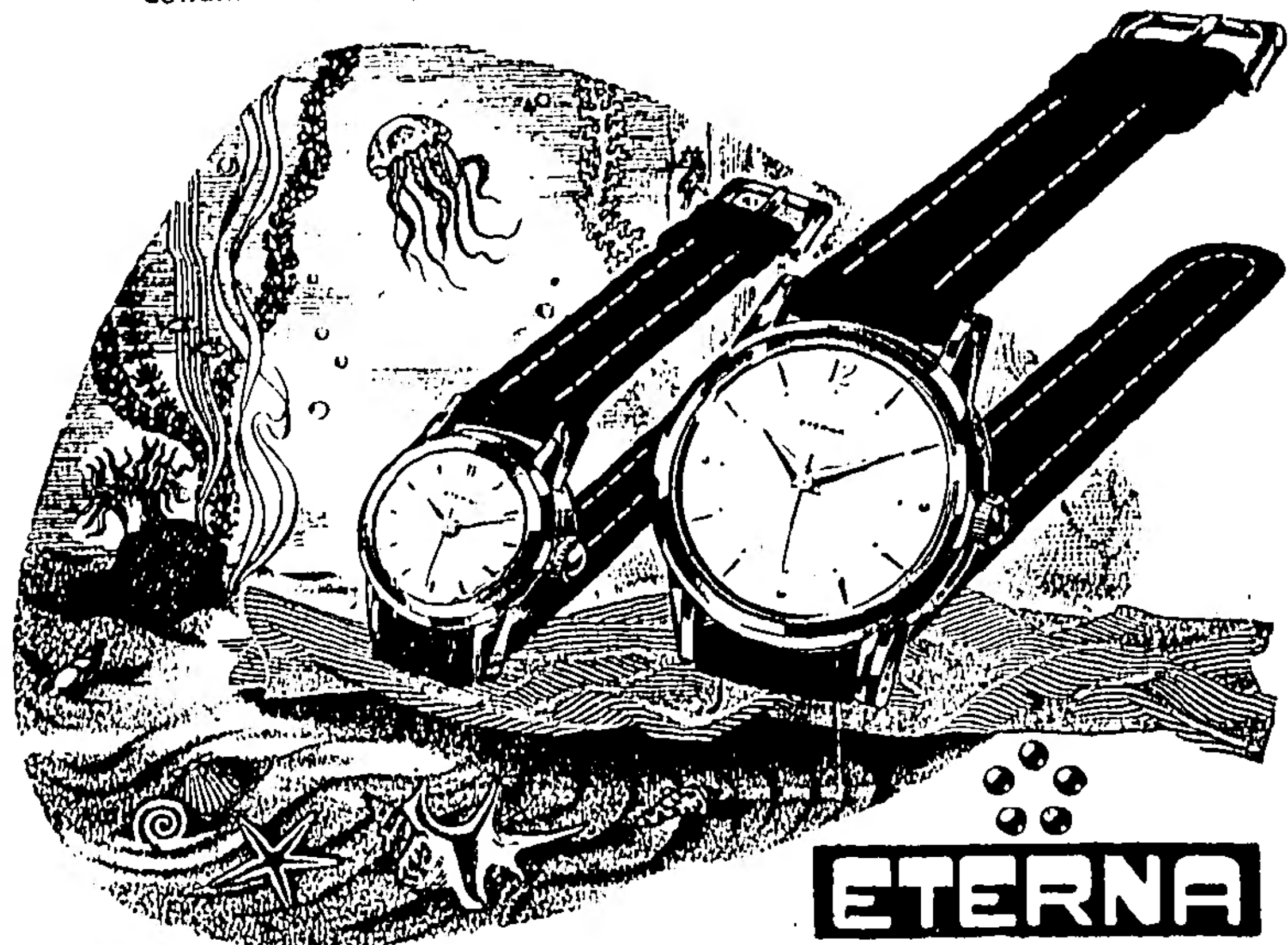
Out of the 400 students at Makerere the authorities

WATERPROOF

You want your watch to be accurate...

ETERNA

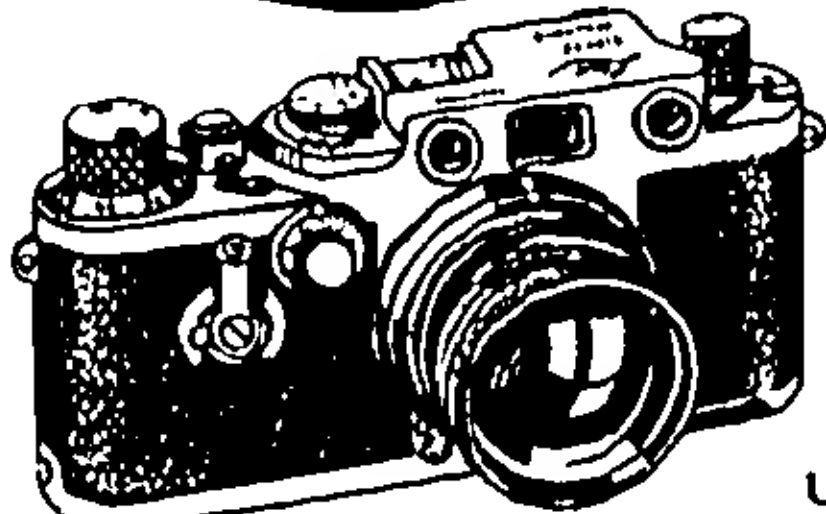
yet you are going to expose it to all kinds of dangers: rain, soap-lather, dust, perhaps even perfume and powder — all these are deadly enemies of your watch and can prove fatal to the mechanism and oils inside it! • It is a gruelling test • That is why, if you prize accuracy above all, you must insist on a watch that is absolutely waterproof — only then can you be sure of lasting precision • The Eterna waterproof guarantees enduring accuracy • It is shock-protected, antimagnetic and completely impervious to damp and dust — thus it assures you of time-security under all the conditions of everyday life.



Sole Agents ED. A. KELLER & CO. LTD.

Leica

Masterpiece of Precision!



AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS

Sole Distributors: UNIVERSAL MERCANTILE CO., LTD.

LONDON



HONG KONG to LONDON
by
B.O.A.C. TOURIST SERVICES
Via COLOMBO or CALCUTTA

2 services each week, leaving every
Monday & Saturday, make it easy to

GET THERE SOONER.
STAY THERE LONGER.

Consult your Travel Agent, or Jardine, Matheson & Co., Ltd.
Telephones: 27794, 59161

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

FLY B.O.A.C.

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Bader gave the girl an enormous wink



PART 6

Out of the corner of his eye Bader saw the girl, but he concentrated on appearing casual.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR ---

HOUR after hour Bader doggedly kept at it when other men would have given up to rest or despair. Moving the stiff, chafing and aching stumps was continual torment, but he made himself keep on doing so, his face running with sweat that poured off all over him, soaking his underclothes and, unfortunately, the stump socks too, so

still chafed, but not badly, and they did not ache or twinge any more. The legs still felt uncomfortable when he stripped them on but after a few minutes he became a little more used to them, though the harness remained just plain, bloody uncomfortable. Best of all was the change in the mental climate as hope, a little qualified, came back. It was strengthened when he went all through one day without failing and also learned to turn by spinning on his right heel.

He telephoned the garage at Kenley and asked them to drive his car over (the doctors gave him permission to have it — good occupational therapy, they said).

"Off to the Pantiles?" Street-feld asked, and he nodded.

He hobbled out and got a thrill as he saw the familiar old

The more he forced himself to walk the more it hurt, tending to become a vicious circle and making it even more difficult. Now and then he had to rest a little because the stump would not hold him, and then he tried again.

Soon, stumps plastered like a quilt, the car took him to Roehampton again where Dessouter found that the right thigh seemed to have shrunk.

In due course, he said, they would rivet the metal a little tighter, and meanwhile he slipped a second stump sock over it. That felt better, and then Dessouter found a hard muscle developing at the back of the thigh and with a little hammer Tullitt tapped out an almost imperceptible indentation in the metal to accommodate it.

Back at Uxbridge he kept trying, but it seemed impossible to acquire balance and natural movement, and still he kept falling.

The rebuffs

GRAUALLY he found the right stump did not ache so much, as the flabby muscles hardened with use and the chafing came only the pain, but that eased unwieldy as ever, yielding no fraction to practice and bringing growing disillusionment and anguish as he woke from the dreaming expectations of normality and cricket.

Mentally, it was the worst time since the accident. His nature, in any case, rejected defeat and now the menacing implications produced obsession to master the legs. The others learned not to try and help him up or steady him as he lurched, realising it was a battle that he himself had to fight. Besides, trying to help only produced rebuffs that he wanted passionately to be independent as much as he wanted to be mobile. It goaded him to think of having to ask help in the simple, physical things of life and he shrank from the idea that people in due course would have to take over part of his work.

And then, about ten days after he got his legs, he detected the first hint of automatic control. As though some barrier had been removed, he began walking a little more easily and after that the improvement was rapid. In five days he was lurching about without having to concentrate so hard either on movement or balance; some automatic instinct seemed have taken over part of the work.

It was not easy, far from it; it was still hard work, but not intolerably hard. He still fell, but not so often. The stumps

he saw her over by the serving hatch, staring, but he kept looking straight ahead concentrating on appearing casual about his metamorphosis. She came across to the table looking very bright and he switched on the glowing grin.

With a little less reserve than usual she remarked that he had not been there for some time and he was delighted that she was too discreet to mention the legs, though he had been quite sure that she wouldn't. But it made everything so natural, as

REACH FOR THE SKY

By PAUL BRICKHILL

M.G. with the red wings swing

Bader heaved himself into the seat behind the wheel. His feet seemed to fit easily enough over the pedals. He pressed the clutch down with the right leg — it was purely a thigh movement with no feeling in the leg or a fence movement, but the whole thing seemed to be easier than he had expected.

Doubts were vanishing fast. Now he knew he could go anywhere he liked at any time and was even more mobile than people who had only their legs and no car.

He steered out of the gates and drove in a sunny mood and at a cautious speed to Kingston Police Station, where he lunched with care up to a uniformed man behind a desk and said: "I'd like to take a disabled driver's test, please."

"Certainly sir," said the constable. One would have thought that legless men popped in for driving tests every day. Soon a man in civilian clothes came out and got into the car with him. After a couple of hundred yards he said, "Stop and reverse across the road, will you, please?"

Progress ---

BADER stopped, looked behind to see if everything was clear, and reversed as directed.

"Glad to see you look behind first," the man said. "Last chap didn't do that. If you'd like to drive me back to the station you can all out the form and we'll give you your ticket."

It was as easy as that. Blithely he set off for the Pantiles and pulled into the gravelled apron about quarter to four. This time as he got out and lunched to the usual table hardly anyone looked except the girl.

Out where he stood in regard to life.

[Six months had passed since the crash. About the middle of June, Bader went on two months' sick leave which he spent with his squadron at Kenley. After an afternoon's swimming and sun-bathing he found his shoulders were sun-burned.]

In the morning when he got up the shoulders were red and very tender. He strapped the legs on but as soon as he stood up the straps bit into his shoulders like hot broad-knives scorching on the nerves and he sat down hurriedly, wincing, and slipped them off with relief, swearing with frustration. From a little thing like that he was helpless again. More than ever he loathed the shoulder straps.

"Well, they've got an Avro 504 on the aerodrome," Sassoon said. "Would you like to have a shot at it?"

"I'd love to," Bader said, exhilarated and hardly believing, and Sassoon promised to arrange it. Bader spent the rest of the afternoon in nervous hopes that Sassoon would not forget, but at dinner that night Sassoon said: "I've had a word with the CO of 601. The Avro will be ready for you in the morning." They were the most ineluctable and exciting words he had ever heard.

(WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED) "Reach for the Sky," by Paul Brickhill, is published by Collins.

A pleasant note came to him from the Under-Secretary of State for Air, Sir Philip Sassoon, inviting him for a weekend at his house near Lympne.

It was a mellow old mansion set among cypress trees on a

the belt fairly tight, he eased himself up from the bed and gingerly took a few steps; to his amazement and delight the legs felt better than ever before and just as secure. For several minutes he stood about the room, and everything he did felt better. After that he tossed the shoulder straps into a corner, dressed and stumped out to breakfast. He never wore them again.

Next Wednesday "I didn't know you danced, too," said the girl.

NEW-STYLE COLD WAR

From LEONARD MOSLEY

AT 11 p.m. in the Soviet-controlled East sector of Berlin, a beautiful dancer advanced towards me and blew me a kiss.

The name of this ornament of the Communist regime was Galina Ulanova, believed by many to be the world's greatest ballerina. Her dancing was part of the new-style cold war in Berlin this year.

Instead of Russian tanks in the streets and blood on the pavements the 3,500,000 citizens of Berlin are being drawn into a new kind of East-West conflict. The kind that they seem to like as much as I do.

Both sides are doing their best to win people over to their cause — by entertainment.

Berlin. For instance, West Berlin is running a film festival.

One of the festival cinemas is a few yards over the border from East Berlin. Any East Berliner coming across and showing his or her card gets in free.

Every night they come in droves to see Jane Wyman in "The Magnificent Obsession" and Elizabeth Taylor in "Elephant Walk."

The Russians have met the Hollywood-made attractions of West Berlin with an epic spectacle of their own. They have imported the Russian Ballet to East Berlin.

For five East German marks I saw the Russian Ballet from a seat in the middle of the third row of the stalls. Since five

East German marks is the equivalent of less than two shillings in our money, I decided that this was the biggest bargain ever.

For this, Russian Ballet is superb in skill, artistry, and whizz-bang entertainment.

Ulanova is a dream. She dances with a conscious grace that is overpoweringly affecting.

I went back to the opposition — that is into West Berlin — in the early hours of the morning to a film reception given by a West Berlin organisation. The memory of Ulanova's lovely rhythms still lingered.

Now did they pale when beautiful film star Marika Rokk took me by the arm, and we started to dance. I simply edged over Ulanova to make room for Miss Rokk.

"Ah me," I thought, "if only the cold war could always be like this."

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



EX-KING PETER'S LIFE STORY

Before leaving with his Government for Cairo in 1943, King Peter and his wife Princess Alexandra, with Anthony Eden, who, unlike Mr Churchill, thought that Mihailovitch, the anti-Tito leader, was "all right."

CHOICE BETWEEN TITO AND MIHAILOVITCH

CHAPTER 10 OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

EX-KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA

WHETHER Eden was ignorant of Churchill's plans, or disagreed with them, or whether he was merely keeping Mihailovitch as a card in the game, I do not know.

Alexandra wanted very much to accompany us to Cairo and did all she could to be able to go—including writing letters to Churchill and Uncle Bertie.

But she remained in London, where she saw a lot of one of her favourite aunts, Marina, Duchess of Kent, who had always been a good friend to us.

It was hard for Alexandra and I that we should be separated at this time. All correspondence was censored even when sent by the diplomatic bag. We often entrusted letters to friends travelling between Cairo and London to get round this.

The British continued to press their point that I should change my Government and support Tito.

They even hoped that they might influence me through Alexandra, and put considerable pressure upon her. I called on the Herta and Pauline, a British ship which had been converted into a troopship, with 30 members of my party. There were English troops on board and about 200 A.T.S.

We were isolated the whole time, with explanations that had conditions prevented even radio news coming through. Nevertheless, bulletins were issued by the many about Tito's successes and fights.

TO break the monotony a bit my A.D.C., Colonel Radkitch, and I, started a rumour that the bread we were given contained bromide and that if you ate it for three days it rendered you impotent for six months. This was provided, we stated, to quell any admiration one might feel for the A.T.S. on board.

A day after, most of the contingent did not eat bread with their meals. A few days later it could also be remarked that there were several British officers who were not eating bread.

Before the ship arrived in dock my A.D.C. and I, still eating bread, confessed that we had invented the story—but nobody would believe us.

In Cairo I went with Pouritch to visit King Farouk. Farouk was dressed in Air Force uniform with a fez on his head.

On an afternoon some days later Farouk came to visit me. I served him with strong and generously sugared lemonade, which I had been told was one of his weaknesses.

I also encountered Field-Marshal Montgomery. He was of the opinion that America could help us much more in Europe than she was doing. America was sending her forces to the Far East, Montgomery thought that they should first liberate Europe.

Montgomery was usually, rather sloppily, dressed in battle dress trousers and a sweater.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas arranged that I should continue my training at Cairo Airport, and, after a month's intensive advanced training, presented my wings to me.

ONE week-end I flew to Alexandria with two of my ministers, a colonel and my navigator. The Americans lent me a five-seater plane. My three passengers were rather corpulent.

We were diverted from the main Alexandria airport to a small landing strip outside Aboukir. The runway, short and limited with tall palm trees on both ends, made me wonder how I could bring in the overloaded plane without an accident.

In the end my weighty passengers leaned over us at the controls and I finally made a landing, avoiding the palm trees by a couple of inches. Captain Lowly, my navigator, was as white as a sheet, I was scarlet—but the rest of them were feeling thoroughly ill.

At a jump-drove up and Sir Sholto Douglas emerged, red in the face, abusing our landing and his pilot. I climbed down from the cockpit, stood to attention and apologised, and he soon calmed down.

At a lunch given me at the Payne Airfield, with some U.S. Air Force staff, we had vegetables: out of a basket that had been originally intended to be dropped over Yugoslavia.

It was something of a shock to me to see that the label was written in Serbian. During my trip to the U.S., General Danavon had mentioned that such supplies were being prepared for my country—and here they were.

IN October 1943 a meeting took place in Moscow between Cordell Hull, of America, and Molotov. Tito hopefully sent them a telegram which stated:

"We acknowledge neither the Yugoslav Government, nor the King abroad, because for two and a half years they have supported the enemy collaborationist, the traitor Drata Mihailovitch."

"We shall not allow them to return to Yugoslavia because that would mean civil war." "The British general (attached to Tito's H.Q.) has already informed us that the British Government will not insist on us supporting the King and the Yugoslav Government in exile."

The Russians did not put this message on the agenda. Eden had called at Cairo on his way to Moscow. Pouritch asked him simply: "What is your political view as regards Yugoslavia?"

"A completely free Yugoslavia," replied Eden, "and to return him"—pointing at me—"to the throne."

But Eden said that Mihailovitch's "passive resistance" was beginning to look like collaboration with the enemy. Eden raised his voice during the course of our talk without necessity, and so did Pouritch.

Pouritch told me that in Moscow I was to be betrayed. I rebuked my Minister for losing his temper with Eden, but he said this was necessary and the only way to show the British that we were not willing to drift with their tide.

Before the Tehran Conference, Chiang Kai-shek attempted to contact my government and myself to start diplomatic relations. We were never allowed to see him.

I ASKED to see Roosevelt on his return from Tehran, but was told that he was very ill. I knew that he received other people and felt that perhaps he was ashamed to talk to me after the way he had let me down at Tehran.

I went to the British Embassy on December 10. Churchill was in bed looking very tired and worn out. He was in an extremely bad temper—and not at all his usual self.

Churchill told me that Tito would be his man and that I should go back to Yugoslavia.

I replied: "Shall I go right away?" "No," said Churchill, "not immediately, as Tito would then be compromised, go in about six months. This must happen if for no other reason than to stop another Tito-Moscow agreement."

I decided, with a group of friends, that some gesture showing my continued and absolute trust in Mihailovitch should be made. We collected arms and equipment and stored them at my house in Cairo.

We planned to fly with these supplies to Yugoslavia in a stolen aircraft. We had our eye on an old Halifax used at the Al Maza airfield and intended to make a crash-landing in Serbia.

I put in as much practice in heavy bombers as I could.

ON the eve of our planned flight, Lt. Slobodan Ninkovitch, who was to fly with me, was interrogated by our Chief of Air Staff, Colonel Serbanovitch, who revealed that he knew about our planned flight.

We had to make last-minute changes. It was decided that I should not accompany the first plane, but that the plane should nevertheless go to join Mihailovitch by way of Bari and that I was to follow on a second expedition to be organised with my Government.

Under my orders Lieutenant Ninkovitch and a small party flew to Bari and succeeded in

stealing another plane at Foggia, where they had to leave most of their equipment behind. From there these gallant men took off over the Adriatic. They were never heard of again. I was discouraged from making more plans by constant control over my movements by my jeep escort of British Military Police.

We returned to England in Churchill's own York plane in March 1944.

Alexandra and her mother, Princess Aspasia, met me at Northolt and we went to Clarendon Gardens, the Duchess of Kent, came to see us and told us that she was sure we would be able to marry within ten days' time.

On March 18 I lunched alone with Mr Churchill, who criticised the way in which Mihailovitch had refused to make certain attacks proposed by the British Mission.

HE even said that Mihailovitch was conserving his forces to fight the Partisans. In this Churchill showed a complete lack of appreciation of the wisest and indeed the only course for Mihailovitch, who wished to avoid unnecessary heavy reprisals upon civilians, and to conserve his limited arms.

Churchill's aim was to fight the Huns on all sides, on all occasions, and at all costs. In guerrilla warfare such a policy means heartless destruction of entire villages and towns. Unlike Mihailovitch, he had no extensive first-hand knowledge of the hazards of guerrilla warfare in a country occupied by a powerful and brutal enemy.

Churchill stressed that if I did not take the course he wished, I should be working against the allied war effort. We parted on strained terms.

Uncle Bertie fixed our wedding day for March 20, just eight days after my return from Cairo. Mamie Romanovski Pavlovski gave Alexandra her wedding dress, which had to be cut down, and Marina lent her wedding veil. Alexandra had no trousseau whatsoever.

On March 19 Alexandra and I drove to Windsor to see Uncle Bertie for the last arrangements. I showed the King an album of photographs of Mihailovitch and his Chetniks living and fighting. Uncle Bertie was considerably impressed and did his best to warn Churchill not to give his support exclusively to Tito.

Uncle Bertie felt that I would be obliged to come to some agreement with the Titists.

Our wedding was a very simple one at the Yugoslav Embassy in Upper Grosvenor Street, London.

There were beautiful flowers in all the rooms. The large drawing room on the first floor was arranged for the ceremony and the boudoir on the same floor had been chosen to receive guests and for photographs.

I WAS wearing the uniform of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Air Force and Alexandra was wearing a white dress, a veil with orange blossom and a long train which was held by my youngest brother, Andrej.

Behind me stood my best man, Uncle Bertie, and behind Alexandra, Uncle George of Greece. On the right-hand side of the altar were sitting their Majesties Queen Elizabeth and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Bernhard and King Haakon of Norway.

On the second row were Anthony Eden, and Prime Minister Pouritch.

Uncle Bertie was wearing the uniform of Field Marshal and the Greek and Norwegian Kings were in Admirals' uniform.

Uncle Bertie, as best man, exchanged the rings of myself and my bride, while the priest put crowns on our heads. After this, according to the old Serbian custom, we walked three times round the altar, the two priests leading, then Alexandra and myself, my left hand laid to her right hand with a handkerchief, and then Uncle Bertie and Uncle George of Greece, the latter holding candles.

A few days before I dismissed Pouritch there was a large meeting of the British Press, at which I spoke explaining Mihailovitch and his problems, revealing such details as how the amount of arms sent out to him was only sufficient to equip one battalion.

I complained bitterly about the attacks upon him that had already been made by the British Press. Not one word of what I said was allowed to be printed.

Subasic seemed to me to be very neutral and fair-minded. At that time he pretended to be completely sympathetic to Mihailovitch but put forward the view that it would be better for him to be treated with Tito as a separate commander.

I gave the mandate for forming the Government to Subasic but he could find no followers. So I appointed him as my entire Government on June 1. I did some flying from Smiths Lawn, Windsor. I recently read that Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, was the first person to use it since the Duke of Windsor left it as his private airport.

As can be seen, this is not true. I wonder if Philip received the same complaints as I used to because of the terrific noise my Harvard used to make.

Smiths Lawn was also used by the U.S. Air Force Hudson planes. I got permission to take up a wide variety of their planes.

I flew Cubs, a Dakota, and a Mustang fighter. General Ralph Royce and Louis Brereton came home to test. We all died for money and my wife had such beginner's luck that she left the Generals completely broke.

I WAS forbidden to fly solo by the Air Ministry, but the U.S. Air Force had no such restrictions.

In July the U.S. Air Force presented me with a twin-engine Cessna Crane liaison plane. I often took my wife up in this plane as she was afraid of the more powerful models, and I generally found it very useful, although a bit tame.

Another plane I like was an observation plane, which needed only a small landing field.

My valet did the cooking for some time. Eventually we found a Hungarian cook who was very satisfactory until one day she simply disappeared and was never heard of again. We had a Swedish cook, married to a Scotsman. She was a hypochondriac and had to go. Maria, the Croat, returned to our kitchen.

ON March 27, 1944, I received Colonel Lukacevic Mihailovitch's delegate, and entrusted him with a private letter to Mihailovitch, golden cuff-links, a revolver, and a sub-machine-gun embossed with my insignia.

We went back via Bari, Italy, where he was delayed until the British could spare a plane. Before he was dropped over Yugoslavia the British look away the message and presents for Mihailovitch. In the end he was taken by the Partisans and shot.

On April 12 and 13 I was called to see Churchill again. He said that in his eyes the differences between Partisans and Chetniks were of only local interest. He believed that Tito's forces were really a national movement and only partly Communist. His only preoccupation was to fight the Boche, and he could not understand my refusal to accept Tito.

"You and your Government will be considered as hampering the general war effort," he said. "You will be declared responsible if you do not support the great Resistance movement."

He pressed me to dismiss Pouritch and form a committee of three, Subasic, Konstantinovich, and Furland. He informed me that he had arranged, without consulting me, for Subasic, who was then in America, to be flown to London.

WHEN shortly after this meeting he announced in Parliament that King Peter had assured me that in a few days' time Dr Pouritch will be dismissed and a new Government formed under the old head of Croatia, I was flabbergasted and deeply affronted.

In my helpless isolation I remembered President Roosevelt's sympathy, complete disinterestedness and innate love of freedom. Not knowing that he was sick and much changed, I wrote to him. He answered that he had full confidence in the plans of Mr Churchill and Subasic. "Please accept his advice as if it were my own."



Latest published picture of Ex-king Peter, taken in London at Christmas 1953. His seven-year-old son went from school in Switzerland to London for the holidays.

I often went out partridge shooting with this plane, landing it on any level plot of land. This of course supplemented our most ration considerably.

The first time I really saw Paris was by air, just before "D" Day. I flew an American Mustang, powered by a Rolls Royce engine, and I was quite prepared to shoot it out with any German aircraft.

I had not the slightest right to be there at all.

It was a great lark, and only later did I realise that the consequences to others might have been embarrassing. I met friends at a Kent air strip. One pilot had to drop out of an arranged photo reconnaissance.

It was suggested that I should take his place, and in those mad days, I accepted. Now my friend's role was that of fighter escort to another Mustang armed only with machine guns and cameras. I realised that this might mean fighting.

It was a brilliant May day. We climbed to 24,000ft, and passed over the Pas de Calais without incident. I found the

Mustang one of the fastest aircraft of that period, beautiful to handle, and I was storing up memories for my old aviation tutor, Prince Bernhard.

I hummed a popular tune as we skimmed over the Channel and I marvelled as we appeared to crawl over the patchwork quilt of Northern France, nearly five miles below. There was no flak.

MY colleague had the dangerous task. I was free to weave wherever I liked, keeping a weather eye open for enemy fighters, while my colleague made his dead straight runs above the target.

We carried out the reconnaissance without interference and, having petrol and time in hand, the other pilot said over the radio:

"What about a slip over Paris?" Of course I agreed. Paris looked like a jewel about three feet square from the height we were flying. Even so high one got a vivid impression of Hausmann's magni-

ficent planning of France's capital.

I could see the Arc de Triomphe and the radial boulevards which have since spelled beauty, culture and civilisation for me. Nothing could rob me of this lovely aerial sight of a very regularly cut diamond, set in the incomparable platinum of the River Seine.

I cannot tell you the name of the other pilot because he may still be subject to discipline. Neither can I disclose the name of the adjutant of the American air station.

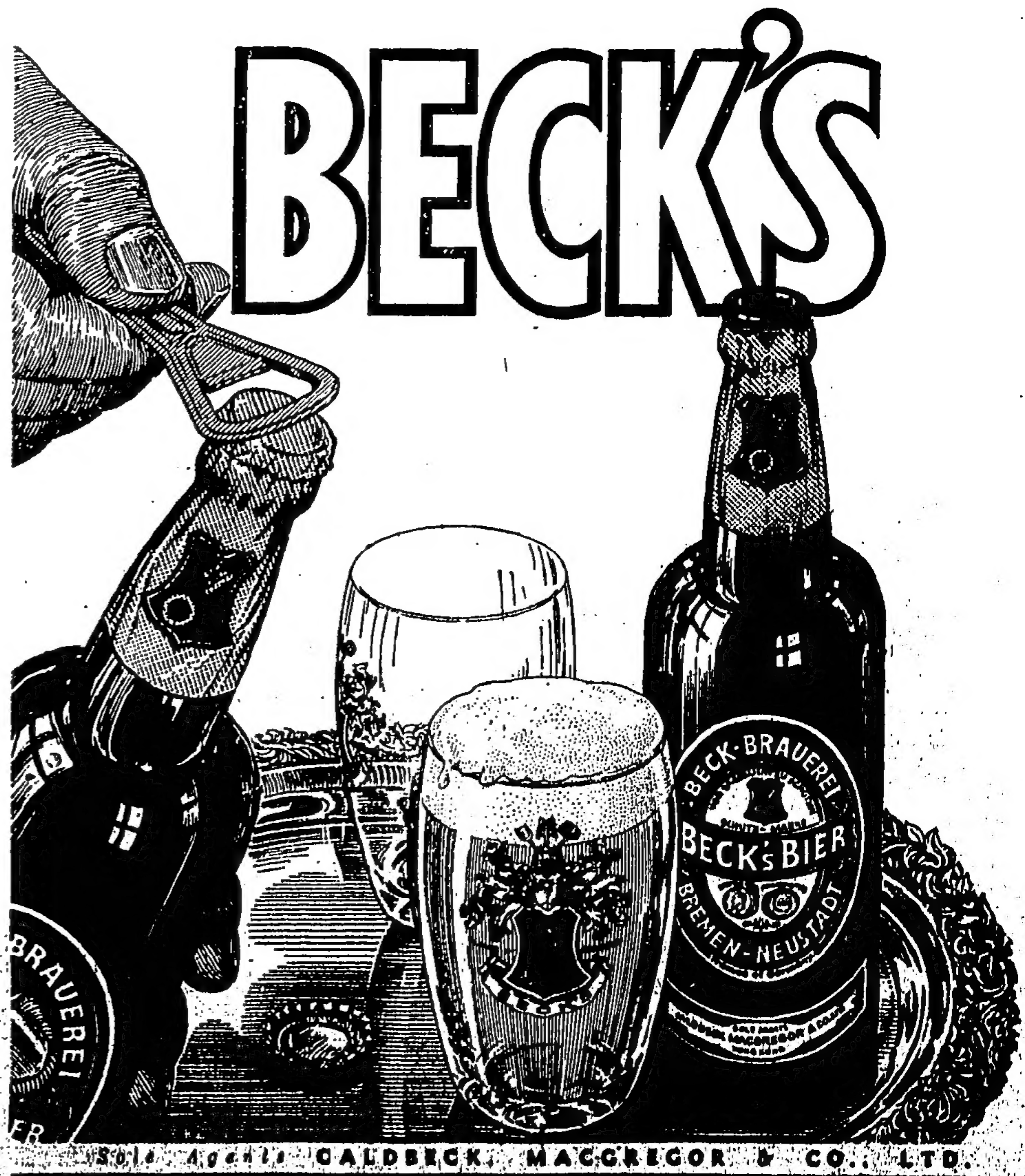
He spent two hours of mental agony knowing when I was well and truly airborne—that King Peter was flying one of his aircraft over enemy territory.

When I safely touched down he gave me the ticking-off of my life. There was the loveliest twinkle in his eyes, however, and when he finished I will never forget his final admonition: "For Pete's sake, don't put this in your log book."

And for Peter's sake, I didn't. (Ex-King Peter will wind up his story next Saturday)

Hong Kong's favourite

German Beer...





BILL WATERTON begins his dramatic story today

TEN YEARS AS A TEST PILOT, LIVING BEYOND THE SOUND BARRIER—THIS IS THE LIFE THAT BILL WATERTON LED... FLYING INTO DANGER

HE WAS THE FIRST MAN TO TAKE UP A NEW PLANE—A 'FLYING QUESTION MARK'—AND THE FIRST MAN TO CRASH-LAND IT... IN FLAMES

THE FIGHTER SHUDDERED— I COULDN'T SEE A THING...

Suddenly there was a loud buzzing, and then... BANG

MY name is Bill Waterton. I am a test pilot. I have spent the last 10 years testing planes at high (and supersonic) speeds. I was the first man to fly from Paris to London in 20 minutes. I was the man who took the famous "paper dart" plane, the Gloster Javelin, into the air for the first time.

I was also the first man to crash-land it. Does that mean I'm a dangerous job? No. It is a job with hazards, worries, and frustrations. It can kill you if you let it.

But if I let me, you have been a test pilot to a man who not only makes some of the world's fastest fighters but then has to go out and sell them. You find that the "administrative" worries often take up far more of your time than the dangers.

In any case, being a test pilot is a most game unless you are an enthusiast. Three out of 10 test pilots in Britain die at the job, and not from old age.

For love

HOURS are long, and pay is less than an airline pilot. I never earned more than £2,000 a year, and by the time the tax man had done with me I averaged about £1,100.

The future of the average test pilot (after he has got beyond high-speed flying age) is not usually of much concern to many of the aircraft companies for whom he works, possibly because they do not consider he has much future.

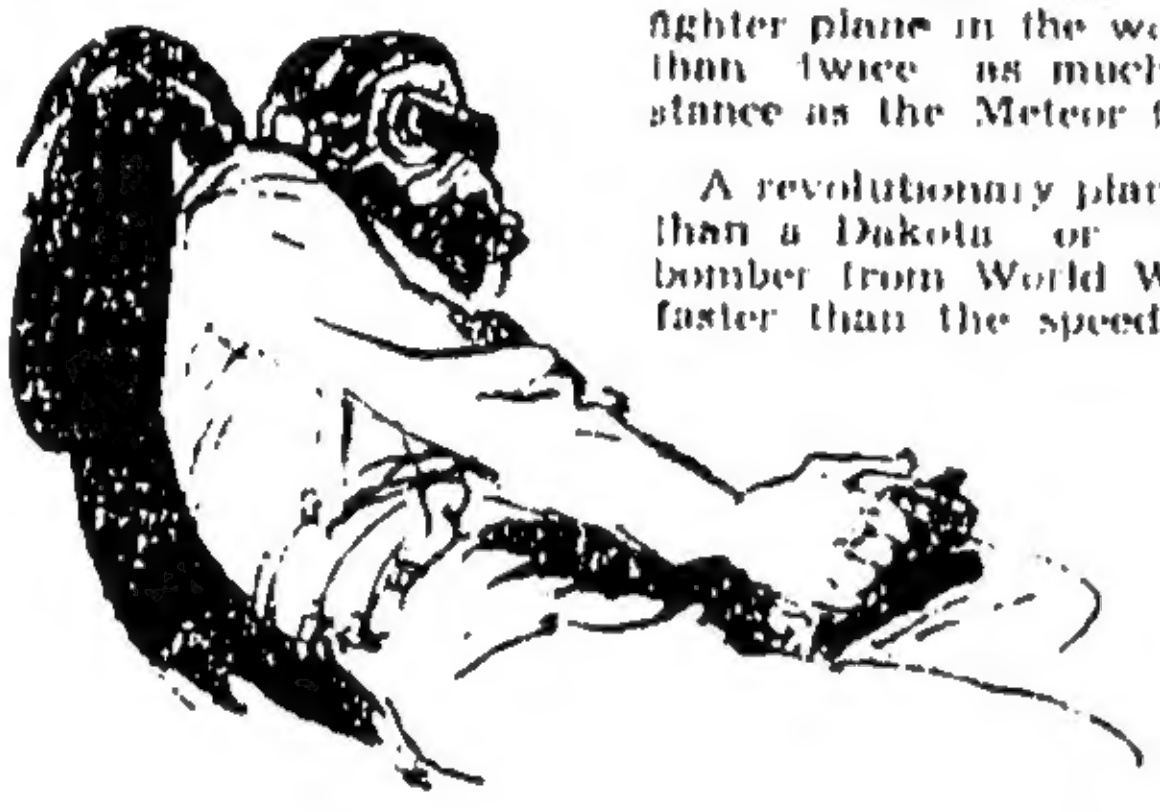
So you fly for love. And when love comes into a job danger does not matter.

New planes are like unbroken horses. You never know how they are going to trot, canter, gallop, or buck until you get up there in the saddle and ride them.

I do not know whether it has helped me in my job that I started grown-up life as a cavalryman, and learned the hard, bruising, and aching way—what happens to you when you ignore the warning signs that both horseflesh and high-speed planes give you when things are going wrong.

In either case, you come a cropper if you ignore them.

With wild horses, and with new planes, you develop a seventh, and very special, sense of preparing for the unexpected. A docile horse can go raving mad at the sudden sight of a rattlesnake. In the air too. Except that they do not give any warning before they strike.



ARTIST ROBB interprets the moment of crisis in a cockpit at high speed.

For instance, a sudden change of speed and air-pressure can conjure a monster out of the stratosphere that will take a plane in its grip, batter it and destroy it.

Nothing quite like it had ever flown before. Even its shape was out of a future world. An unknown, high-flying, high-speed fighter.

And they handed it to me to fly for the first time.

In the old days of light-loaded piston-engine planes, a test pilot was able to "take out insurance" on his first flight.

He could first do his ground tests with flaps, engine, and controls.

Then he took the plane off the ground, not for an actual flight, but for a "hop" a few feet off the ground, and then eased the new plane back on to the runway.

Not now. Runways are too short. Take-off speeds are too high. Once you are off the ground it is a real flight and the rest is up to you and the plane the designers have given you.

A revolutionary plane. Heavier than a Dakota or Wellington bomber from World War II, and faster than the speed of sound.

As the speed increased, the shaking and banging worsened. I thought something might break up.

But I pulled the speed down, probed the plane out on a few tentative manoeuvres, and then

brought her in. And went back to write a report that kicked up hell with the designers.

That first flight showed up the faults in the Javelin—but also convinced me that here was, potentially, a great aircraft.

But back it went into the workshop. And it kept on going back. I wanted the perfect aircraft. We had not got it yet.

I headed her back over the American bases (and though my speed is still secret, I can assure you that it was fast).

At 3,000 feet I was level and the engines were almost open. Speed was rising more slowly now. I could feel the wall of compressed air building up ahead of the Javelin like the bow wave of a ship.

I WAS reminded once more, as every high-speed pilot is when he starts belting his aircraft that there was once a man named Doctor Mach.

Not Doctor Mach is the name of an Austrian physicist who established the relationship between the compressibility of air and the speed of sound.

In air experts' language, Mach 1 now means the speed of sound.

Do you remember what I said about a horse suddenly shying at a rattlesnake? That was how this happened.

True, a few small bumps had occurred; not violent but noticeable and unusual. I put them down to slight local air turbulence, normal on a hot day. Nothing to worry about.

Suddenly there was a loud buzzing in my ears, as grating as a circular saw. I looked down at the instrument panel and could not see it. I could not see anything because we were shuddering so much.

And then BANG!

I pointed the Javelin's nose flat way in the flying, it was always handy to have an airfield

near by. In case you have to descend in a hurry; and, I thought, it was not a bad idea to show the Americans that we had a new aircraft with a new shape and new possibilities.

When a Javelin's Sapphire engines are belted—and that was what I was doing with them—time and distance begin to contract fast.

The moment I saw Oxford ahead I began to throttle back, because that meant that, if I did not, I would be over London a few minutes later (even though it was still more than 40 miles ahead).

I started a climbing turn to head me back to base. Everything was well so far. Another fast run and some aerobatics, and I could put her down and pronounce her fit for the show.

OTHER pilots took it up and reported its virtues—and its flaws. I was not satisfied. But during the winter we progressed quite favourably. We showed that the Javelin could do what it was designed to do.

For we were shooting at an important target. This was still a semi-secret plane, and few knew its possibilities.

In June 1952 there was to be a tactical conference of R.A.F. Fighter Command at West Byham, in Norfolk. The aircraft industry was putting on a show of its newest fighters for the leaders of Fighter Command.

A Javelin fighter-plane, the DH110, flown by the late John Derry, would be there—and, although we had an R.A.F. contract to deliver Javelins, we knew the de Havilland people would use every trick in the bag to show us up.

A few days before the show was due to begin, our plane—the star plane of the show—was still on the ground undergoing inspection and modifications.

TIME was creeping up on us. That was why it was a Sunday afternoon when I took the Javelin up for its "dress rehearsal" for the all-important show the following day.

The day was hot and sunny, and at 3,000 feet one eye could make out the big American airfields at Fairford and Brize Norton, for instance.

I pointed the Javelin's nose flat way in the flying, it was always handy to have an airfield near by. In case you have to descend in a hurry; and, I thought, it was not a bad idea to show the Americans that we had a new aircraft with a new shape and new possibilities.

When a Javelin's Sapphire engines are belted—and that was what I was doing with them—time and distance begin to contract fast.

The moment I saw Oxford ahead I began to throttle back, because that meant that, if I did not, I would be over London a few minutes later (even though it was still more than 40 miles ahead).

I started a climbing turn to head me back to base. Everything was well so far. Another fast run and some aerobatics, and I could put her down and pronounce her fit for the show.

OTHER pilots took it up and reported its virtues—and its flaws. I was not satisfied. But during the winter we progressed quite favourably. We showed that the Javelin could do what it was designed to do.

For we were shooting at an important target. This was still a semi-secret plane, and few knew its possibilities.

In June 1952 there was to be a tactical conference of R.A.F. Fighter Command at West Byham, in Norfolk. The aircraft industry was putting on a show of its newest fighters for the leaders of Fighter Command.

Question mark

WHAT they gave me proved to be a Flying Question Mark. It took off from the runway on its first flight as smoothly as a greyhound after a rabbit, and then, a few hundred feet above the ground, began to act as if it had been stung by a wasp. It shuddered and shook.

As the speed increased, the shaking and banging worsened. I thought something might break up.

But I pulled the speed down, probed the plane out on a few tentative manoeuvres, and then

brought her in. And went back to write a report that kicked up hell with the designers.

That first flight showed up the faults in the Javelin—but also convinced me that here was, potentially, a great aircraft.

But back it went into the workshop. And it kept on going back. I wanted the perfect aircraft. We had not got it yet.

I headed her back over the American bases (and though my speed is still secret, I can assure you that it was fast).

At 3,000 feet I was level and the engines were almost open. Speed was rising more slowly now. I could feel the wall of compressed air building up ahead of the Javelin like the bow wave of a ship.

I WAS reminded once more, as every high-speed pilot is when he starts belting his aircraft that there was once a man named Doctor Mach.

Not Doctor Mach is the name of an Austrian physicist who established the relationship between the compressibility of air and the speed of sound.

In air experts' language, Mach 1 now means the speed of sound.

Do you remember what I said about a horse suddenly shying at a rattlesnake? That was how this happened.

True, a few small bumps had occurred; not violent but noticeable and unusual. I put them down to slight local air turbulence, normal on a hot day. Nothing to worry about.

Suddenly there was a loud buzzing in my ears, as grating as a circular saw. I looked down at the instrument panel and could not see it. I could not see anything because we were shuddering so much.

And then BANG!

I pointed the Javelin's nose flat way in the flying, it was always handy to have an airfield

near by. In case you have to descend in a hurry; and, I thought, it was not a bad idea to show the Americans that we had a new aircraft with a new shape and new possibilities.

When a Javelin's Sapphire engines are belted—and that was what I was doing with them—time and distance begin to contract fast.

The moment I saw Oxford ahead I began to throttle back, because that meant that, if I did not, I would be over London a few minutes later (even though it was still more than 40 miles ahead).

I started a climbing turn to head me back to base. Everything was well so far. Another fast run and some aerobatics, and I could put her down and pronounce her fit for the show.

OTHER pilots took it up and reported its virtues—and its flaws. I was not satisfied. But during the winter we progressed quite favourably. We showed that the Javelin could do what it was designed to do.

For we were shooting at an important target. This was still a semi-secret plane, and few knew its possibilities.

In June 1952 there was to be a tactical conference of R.A.F. Fighter Command at West Byham, in Norfolk. The aircraft industry was putting on a show of its newest fighters for the leaders of Fighter Command.

A Javelin fighter-plane, the DH110, flown by the late John Derry, would be there—and, although we had an R.A.F. contract to deliver Javelins, we knew the de Havilland people would use every trick in the bag to show us up.

The target

OTHER pilots took it up and reported its virtues—and its flaws. I was not satisfied. But during the winter we progressed quite favourably. We showed that the Javelin could do what it was designed to do.

For we were shooting at an important target. This was still a semi-secret plane, and few knew its possibilities.

In June 1952 there was to be a tactical conference of R.A.F. Fighter Command at West Byham, in Norfolk. The aircraft industry was putting on a show of its newest fighters for the leaders of Fighter Command.

A Javelin fighter-plane, the DH110, flown by the late John Derry, would be there—and, although we had an R.A.F. contract to deliver Javelins, we knew the de Havilland people would use every trick in the bag to show us up.

A few days before the show was due to begin, our plane—the star plane of the show—was still on the ground undergoing inspection and modifications.

TIME was creeping up on us. That was why it was a Sunday afternoon when I took the Javelin up for its "dress rehearsal" for the all-important show the following day.

The day was hot and sunny, and at 3,000 feet one eye could make out the big American airfields at Fairford and Brize Norton, for instance.

I pointed the Javelin's nose flat way in the flying, it was always handy to have an airfield

near by. In case you have to descend in a hurry; and, I thought, it was not a bad idea to show the Americans that we had a new aircraft with a new shape and new possibilities.

When a Javelin's Sapphire engines are belted—and that was what I was doing with them—time and distance begin to contract fast.

The moment I saw Oxford ahead I began to throttle back, because that meant that, if I did not, I would be over London a few minutes later (even though it was still more than 40 miles ahead).

I started a climbing turn to head me back to base. Everything was well so far. Another fast run and some aerobatics, and I could put her down and pronounce her fit for the show.

OTHER pilots took it up and reported its virtues—and its flaws. I was not satisfied. But during the winter we progressed quite favourably. We showed that the Javelin could do what it was designed to do.

For we were shooting at an important target. This was still a semi-secret plane, and few knew its possibilities.

In June 1952 there was to be a tactical conference of R.A.F. Fighter Command at West Byham, in Norfolk. The aircraft industry was putting on a show of its newest fighters for the leaders of Fighter Command.

A Javelin fighter-plane, the DH110, flown by the late John Derry, would be there—and, although we had an R.A.F. contract to deliver Javelins, we knew the de Havilland people would use every trick in the bag to show us up.

A few days before the show was due to begin, our plane—the star plane of the show—was still on the ground undergoing inspection and modifications.

TIME was creeping up on us. That was why it was a Sunday afternoon when I took the Javelin up for its "dress rehearsal" for the all-important show the following day.

The day was hot and sunny, and at 3,000 feet one eye could make out the big American airfields at Fairford and Brize Norton, for instance.

I pointed the Javelin's nose flat way in the flying, it was always handy to have an airfield

near by. In case you have to descend in a hurry; and, I thought, it was not a bad idea to show the Americans that we had a new aircraft with a new shape and new possibilities.

When a Javelin's Sapphire engines are belted—and that was what I was doing with them—time and distance begin to contract fast.

The moment I saw Oxford ahead I began to throttle back, because that meant that, if I did not, I would be over London a few minutes later (even though it was still more than 40 miles ahead).

I started a climbing turn to head me back to base. Everything was well so far. Another fast run and some aerobatics, and I could put her down and pronounce her fit for the show.

OTHER pilots took it up and reported its virtues—and its flaws. I was not satisfied. But during the winter we progressed quite favourably. We showed that the Javelin could do what it was designed to do.

For we were shooting at an important target. This was still a semi-secret plane, and few knew its possibilities.

In June 1952 there was to be a tactical conference of R.A.F. Fighter Command at West Byham, in Norfolk. The aircraft industry was putting on a show of its newest fighters for the leaders of Fighter Command.

A Javelin fighter-plane, the DH110, flown by the late John Derry, would be there—and, although we had an R.A.F. contract to deliver Javelins, we knew the de Havilland people would use every trick in the bag to show us up.

Dress rehearsal

TIME was creeping up on us. That was why it was a Sunday afternoon when I took the Javelin up for its "dress rehearsal" for the all-important show the following day.

The day was hot and sunny, and at 3,000 feet one eye could make out the big American airfields at Fairford and Brize Norton, for instance.

I pointed the Javelin's nose flat way in the flying, it was always handy to have an airfield

near by. In case you have to descend in a hurry; and, I thought, it was not a bad idea to show the Americans that we had a new aircraft with a new shape and new possibilities.

When a Javelin's Sapphire engines are belted—and that was what I was doing with them—time and distance begin to contract fast.

The moment I saw Oxford ahead I began to throttle back, because that meant that, if I did not, I would be over London a few minutes later (even though it was still more than 40 miles ahead).

I started a climbing turn to head me back to base. Everything was well so far. Another fast run and some aerobatics, and I could put her down and pronounce her fit for the show.

OTHER pilots took it up and reported its virtues—and its flaws. I was not satisfied. But during the winter we progressed quite favourably. We showed that the Javelin could do what it was designed to do.

For we were shooting at an important target. This was still a semi-secret plane, and few knew its possibilities.

In June 1952 there was to be a tactical conference of R.A.F. Fighter Command at West Byham, in Norfolk. The aircraft industry was putting on a show of its newest fighters for the leaders of Fighter Command.

A Javelin fighter-plane, the DH110, flown by the late John Derry, would be there—and, although we had an R.A.F. contract to deliver Javelins, we knew the de Havilland people would use every trick in the bag to show us up.

A few days before the show was due to begin, our plane—the star plane of the show—was still on the ground undergoing inspection and modifications.

TIME was creeping up on us. That was why it was a Sunday afternoon when I took the Javelin up for its "dress rehearsal" for the all-important show the following day.

The day was hot and sunny, and at 3,000 feet one eye could make out the big American airfields at Fairford and Brize Norton, for instance.

I pointed the Javelin's nose flat way in the flying, it was always handy to have an airfield

near by. In case you have to descend in a hurry; and, I thought, it was not a bad idea to show the Americans that we had a new aircraft with a new shape and new possibilities.

When a Javelin's Sapphire engines are belted—and that was what I was doing with them—time and distance begin to contract fast.

The moment I saw Oxford ahead I began to throttle back, because that meant that, if I did not, I would be over London a few minutes later (even though it was still more than 40 miles ahead).

I started a climbing turn to head me back to base. Everything was well so far. Another fast run and some aerobatics, and I could put her down and pronounce her fit for the show.

OTHER pilots took it up and reported its virtues—and its flaws. I was not satisfied. But during the winter we progressed quite favourably. We showed that the Javelin could do what it was designed to do.

WHEN D-O-G SPELLS DANGEROUS

By ANDREW HOPE

MANY people are asking: long as he can get in a quick nip low down.

The Welsh corgi is classed in the dog world with such breeds as the Alsatian, the bull mastiff, and the boxer. Welsh corgis are looked on as working dogs, with a bit of fire in them.

The Alsatian—like the boxer—is a favourite dog for police and Army training. The bull mastiff comes from the kind of fighting dogs that baited lions in the Roman arenas.

Can such dogs be dangerous? Not as a breed. The big dogs that frighten so many people by their apparent ferocity are no more dangerous than the little corgi.

Bred with the most aggressive family history make fine domestic pets.

Any dog with courage, however, will snap into activity when it is startled. A Welsh corgi—even when it lives in a palace—is no exception.

They have kept those bigger animals on the move by nipping their heels. Size does not scare a corgi, so

long as he can get in a quick nip low down.

The Welsh corgi is classed in the dog world with such breeds as the Alsatian, the bull mastiff, and the boxer. Welsh corgis are looked on as working dogs, with a bit of fire in them.

The Alsatian—like the boxer—is a favourite dog for police and Army training. The bull mastiff comes from the kind of fighting dogs that baited lions in the Roman arenas.

Can such dogs be dangerous? Not as a breed. The big dogs that frighten so many people by their apparent ferocity are no more dangerous than the little corgi.

Bred with the most aggressive family history make fine domestic pets.

Any dog with courage, however, will snap into activity when it is startled. A Welsh corgi—even when it lives in a palace—is no exception.

They have kept those bigger animals on the move by nipping their heels. Size does not scare a corgi, so

long as he can get in a quick nip low down.

NATURE'S POISON PUNCHES THE LANCERS

By IVAN T. SANDERSON
Explorer, Naturalist, Author

A GROUP of local natives had been fishing in the lagoon from a large sailing canoe. The small jetties and the wharf of the little port were crowded with schooners and large motorboats, so the canoe headed for the shallow, muddy foreshore beyond the open seafloor market.

As it grounded, a youth jumped overboard and started wading ashore, the muddy water not even up to his knees. Suddenly he let out a scream of agony that brought the whole waterfront to a stop. He fell writhing in the water, screaming again and again.

A dozen of us rushed to his aid and dragged him ashore. Blood poured from his right ankle. He had been lanced by a primitive type of fish known as a sting ray. He was taken to a doctor who, luckily, resided within 300 yards of the waterfront. By then the boy was out of place, by then the event took cold with excruciating pain.

The ray's lance, which was barbed like a harpoon, had broken off in his ankle, and had pierced it to a depth of two-and-one-half inches, grazing two bones, splitting another, and dislocating others. The leg was violent purple within two minutes, and the pain was so awful that he gave but a single scream which mounted the scale to the supersonic range, moist atmosphere.

I asked every native I met to go and catch me one. Nothing happened until one day when a large party of triumphant men came singing and staggering to my door loaded with what they thought I wanted. Alas, it was no whale but a much more amazing discovery—an enormous ray fish over ten feet in total length, and with a nineteen-inch poison spine sticking out from the top of the tail base.

This spine, when dried, split into two long four ways and opened out like a great flower, revealing a clear, crystalline spear within. This in turn cracked up into small nuggets which simply vaporized in the scale to the supersonic range, moist atmosphere.

I have since been told by fish experts that this substance is pure poison and, thus, if the effects of similar smaller spines of the marine rays are any criterion, its owner must have been capable of killing a herd of elephants.

The sting rays are, in fact, one of the most dangerous creatures in the sea, and they are incredibly common—poisonously swarming off shallow coasts with mud or sand bottoms. There is a nice, but wholly false, belief that if you shuffle your feet along the bottom while wading in such waters these menaces will politely glide away over the bottom before you, while if you inadvertently tread upon their spines and jab you in the sole, this is complete nonsense.

Actually, the ray's common method of defence—or perhaps offence—is to glide forward a little way and then come charging backwards at full reverse speed with its lance protruding, and its whip-like tail trailing under its flattened, diamond-shaped body. I have watched them do this in clear water, and it is a terrifying sight because the effects of a direct jab from even a small ray can be quite terrible.

Considering, however, the number of people who swim in the wild waters of the world every day and the number of fish that can sting, it is surprising that so few people are ever injured. Nevertheless, whenever you do go wading, or along coral reefs in the tropics, it is well to be as aware as you possibly can, because some of nature's most poisonous punches are delivered beneath the waves.

Do you remember what I said about a horse suddenly shying at a rattlesnake? That was how this happened.

True, a few small bumps had occurred; not violent but noticeable and unusual. I put them down to slight local air turbulence, normal on a hot day. Nothing to worry about.

Suddenly there was a loud buzzing in my ears, as grating as a circular saw. I looked down at the instrument panel and could not see it. I could not see anything because we were shuddering so much.

And then BANG!

I pointed the Javelin's nose flat way in the flying, it was always handy to have an airfield

near by. In case you have to descend in a hurry; and, I thought, it was not a bad idea to show the Americans that we had a new aircraft with a new shape and new possibilities.

When a Javelin's Sapphire engines are belted—and that was what I was doing with them—time and distance begin to contract fast.

The moment I saw Oxford ahead I began to throttle back, because that meant that, if I did not, I would be over London a few minutes later (even though it was still more than 40 miles ahead).

I

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

DREAM FASHION



● A PRETTY GIRL poses happily at Henley, just as she has often dreamed. But in fact the MEN (example, inset) capture the limelight.

WHY GLAMOUR BEGINS WITH A BABY

By EILEEN ASCROFT

London. DO babies ruin glamour? Does a girl lose her sex-appeal when she becomes a mother?

Definitely NO. I believe that there's no finer beauty treatment in the world, and a first baby almost invariably increases the charm of face, figure and disposition.

In the old days of Hollywood stars on the grand scale of mimicked automobiles, golden bath-tubs and diamond-encrusted coronets, it was believed that a nursery rang the death-knell for a cover-girl.

Top-line stars even had "no baby" clauses written into their contracts.

Now it's different. It's today. What happens when world's No. 1 glamour girl is reported to be having a baby? Hundreds of telephone calls from fans of both sexes jam the switchboards of Marilyn Monroe's studio.

And Miss Monroe (now Mrs Joe Di Maggio) does not risk her crown of curves when she announces frankly "I want a family."

Most of the really beautiful women of today are mothers. Mrs. Susan Ward, Gladys Cooper, Lady Olivier and Washington's beautiful heiress, Baroness Silvercray, statuesque American wife of the Belgian Ambassador.

Compare the face of our Queen with that of her unmarried sister. It is softer, sweeter, more serene and feminine. And the change from a shy and unassured girl to the young woman of poise and the famous smile dates from November 1948, the birthday of Prince Charles.

Now listen to the professional view. I asked three experts on feminine beauty what babies do to glamour?

Experts' opinion

1—"Enhance it," said the physical culturist. "If a mother takes care of her figure both during and after pregnancy she can end up with curves she never had before."

2—"The best beauty tonic of all," says the cosmetician. "A woman's skin is usually better after a baby's birth, her

hair achieves a new glossiness, and her eyes a sparkle. The danger is that a young mother may neglect her own regular beauty care when she has a new baby on her hands."

"Having a baby can turn a shy girl into a beauty," says the psychiatrist. "Having a baby gives a woman confidence and self-assurance." The male sex does not admire demure charm. They like to be entertained, and the woman who is amusing and a good and provocative conversationalist is more likely to awaken masculine interest.

So if you're a young mother with a busy nursery on your hands, don't feel that your glamour days are over. Guard your figure and your skin, keep your brain lively, watch your health and relaxation, and remember that potentially you are more attractive than you ever were before.

The best-dressed

SWEET SEVENTEEN... and she deserves a kiss for being the best-dressed teenager who has come to London for many a year.

Roberta Bouyeure would have little excuse for not looking attractive because her mother is the well-known Milan couturier, Signora Biki. Although the signora, in London for a few days to design for a large chain of British stores does not normally create young girls' fashions, she has always done so for her daughter.

Having seen Roberta's summer holiday wardrobe of cottons and silks I say with confidence that some English manufacturer should approach the signora without delay.

Roberta's clothes are fresh, simple, unusual and young-looking, without being juvenile.

Day-time suits are all tailored with slim skirts, 3/4-sleeves cut in one with the bodice, and collarless jackets, in ultra-heavy linen. Her mother, known in Italy as the Queen of Colour has chosen bright shades for her daughter's suits... flame, blue and white. Roberta's travel coat is in shaggy wool in emerald green.

"No dark colours for a young girl," says Signora Biki. "And beautiful materials, but simple lines."

One charming white dress, in washable glazed cotton, is patterned with pink roses, piped with pink. It has puff sleeves, a square neck and very full skirt.

Roberta, with her short, tapered dark hair and grey-green eyes is the great granddaughter of the composer Puccini. Highlight of her London visit was the Command Performance at Covent Garden recently, for which she wore a ballet-length, full-skirted dress in white brocade anglaise, with high, round neck and sleeveless bodice, trimmed with three rows of green velvet ribbon to match the velvet coat.

Victorian look

AFTER the Edwardian male, what next? Perhaps a sleeker version of the Victorian.

One of the West End fops who helped to start the present Edwardian fashion—equally beloved by local Teddy boys and the elegant Cecil Beaton—is cartoonist and radio compere, Mr. W. Callender "Bill" Taylor. His autumn wardrobe owes its inspiration to the mid-Victorian era.

Training a feminine eye on this male finery I noted even narrower trousers, jackets cut with defined waistline and voluminous pleated skirt effect, and a velvet collar on a very short overcoat.

My verdict on the new Victorian male... "Distinguishing."

Confidence trick

DOES the new anti-jitter drug work? I had to wait until my holiday to try out this anti-fear experiment.

The RAF have been testing it on pilots to see if it prevents flying nerves. Dentists and hospitals have been using it to give confidence before extractions or operations. Containing methypentonyne it is claimed to be quite harmless.

In London I could find nothing that really frightened me or gave me the jitters.

But a week's holiday cruising on the River Thames provided plenty of opportunity for testing these pills, which look like large blue jelly ju-jubes.

First test was a field of cows. The way most people feel about burglars I feel about cows. So I took two of my magic pills and set off through the field. The result was a dismal failure. I gave in to natural instinct and retreated.

My second country fear is doghounds. I would normally rather walk miles than risk an encounter of snapping teeth and flying fur.

A fierce boxer at a riverside pub provided my second test. My own dog always ready to "have a go" if attacked, came along to co-operate.

This time the experiment was more successful. I walked in to order my drink with no fear in my heart at all. But alas, the first time I really felt confident to deal with the situation the dogs let me down and turned out to be good friends.

It's news

SO NEW, it's not yet reached the shops... first stainless steel jewellery combining strength with a look of delicacy. Very inexpensive.

ANOTHER jewellery idea going into the shops shortly... huge plastic stones set in costume pieces. Colours are near to the tints and textures of birds' eggs.

SUMMER lingerie novelties include sailor collar pyjamas, with jean-length trousers, and Turkish harem pyjamas, in vivid chiffon. These have baggy trousers, camisole top, with narrow straps, and matching bolero.

INDIAN embroidery is featuring on autumn accessories. Hand-made handbags of black suede are embroidered in silver and gilt by Indian craftsmen. Also attractive informal house party slippers in black nylon velvet, with embroidered tops and novel peaked toes.

AUTUMN colour for foundation garments is maize, a pretty golden shade, which makes a welcome change from traditional shell pinks and whites.

Last word

NEW defence of the plauge necklace comes from film actress Mamie Van Doren. "They help my posture," she says, wearing one of her usual extreme deep-V dresses. "In a gown like this, one slouch would be fatal."

WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED (London Express Service.)

Feel free as a bird in Aertex. You'll understand how true this is when you know how closely Aertex resembles nature. The birds of the air are clothed in feathers which are constructed to imprison the air and form a light and comfortable method of insulation against heat and cold. Aertex takes care of temperature changes by doing just the same for you. By reason of the million little air cells in this healthful fabric you can enjoy complete comfort and freedom of action in any climate.

AERTEX

Send for new illustrated catalogue showing full range of all garments for men, women and children. Write to A.M. Aertex, 1 Long Lane, London, S.E.1, England.

Circleform
WITH
and
WITHOUT
FLOATING ACTION

Exquisite Form

MADE IN U.S.A.

SOLE AGENTS: FEHACO LTD.

NOW HAVE 'FUN' THE ZIPP WAY-AT THE BEACH

● Do you want to get the best from your holiday by the sea? Then join Miss ZIPP, who believes it's Fun to be Fit, in the exercises devised by JOSEPH EDMUNDSON—or, if you prefer, draw up a deckchair with Mr FLOP, who seeks fitness the lazy way.

MEET Miss ZIPP, the beach girl you must get to know if you want to get FIT the FUN way.

No lounging in a deckchair for her! She is eager to be up-and-doing, seeking holiday health with a swing. You too? Then let Miss Zipp show you how...

First, get thoroughly warmed up. Skip without a rope; little jumps, using ankles fully and giving lightly at the knees.

Then hop, first on one foot and then on the other, shaking the opposite foot and leg loosely, at the same time shuffling shoulders up and down.

Now take your partner for "Spinning Top" and "Foot Fencing". For the first grasp hands, put feet close together and lean back; then for about 20 seconds

spin round as fast as you can. Then foot fencing. Moving about as lightly and as quickly as possible, try to touch each other's toes with your own.

Next try your tummy exercise. Lie flat on your back, prop hips with hands, and start to "cycle".

Stretching your legs as much as possible, start slowly, gradually working up speed and then slowing down again.

An exercise that is good for your hips (fig. 1). Sill on your back, draw knees up to chest then lower them first to one side then the other about seven or eight times, all the time trying to keep your shoulders flat on the ground.

Next, a couple of "spine wigglers", good for tummy and back and to keep you supple (fig. 2).

Kneel with hands on the sand and alternately hollow and

round your back several times; finally stretch out flat, push yourself up with your hands and at the same time try to touch the back of your head with your toes.

Now here are two keep-fit beach games. The first is called "Obstacle Golf" (fig. 3), and it is good for nearly everything...

Kneel on hands and knees and look up at your partner who clasps you with both hands round the back of the neck. Then try to drag your partner forwards while he in turn tries to drag you backwards.

Finally try "Coffee Grinding", good for the arms and the whole of the body (fig. 4).

Standing back to back with both arms raised you each take hold of a towel by one end with the right hand and grasp the free end of the other's towel with the left hand.

Starting slowly, keeping the towels at arm's length, turn under and round until you face



Why Not Take It Easy?

By DR ARTHUR CHESBY

NOW meet Mr FLOP, the deckchair lounge who cannot be bothered about exercise. He believes in the sidewalk way to health.

Well, is there anything to be said for him? Yes, there is quite a lot.

Mr FLOP has wrong ideas about exercise. You get all the exercise you need for physical fitness in the ordinary business of daily living.

Housework and shopping give exercise enough for any woman. Hauling a basket the morning has to be as much as most men do for the day.

of mind you bring to it, and this is all the more important on holiday.

If you want to go in for vigorous exercise, go ahead—it will probably do you good.

If you want to go in for Flop, to sit all day in a deckchair, then do just that. That will do you good too.

THE SECRET

This is the secret. Exercise for its own sake is wasted exercise. Happy exercise is good for you—but probably no more so than happy indulgence.

The main aim of your holiday should be to relax. Exercise is a means to an end, not an end in itself. Get the most out of your holiday.

Don't disguise the kitchen—dress it

New York. A RECOGNISED designer advocates that kitchens should look like kitchens, and not living rooms.

Walter Dorwin Teague, whose firm has designed everything from houses to the interior of a jet airliner, says the use of a room should decide its decoration.

"I don't hold with slip-covered refrigerators," he says. "And a range that looks like anything but a superior cooking device should be rejected on sight."

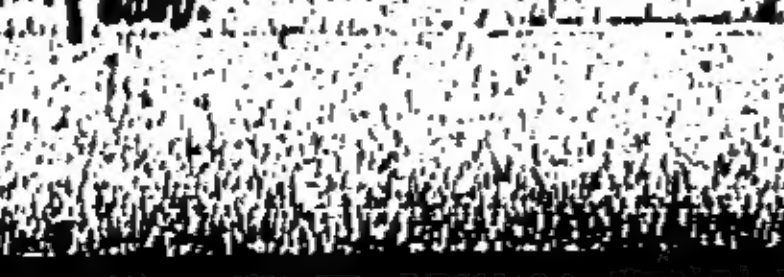
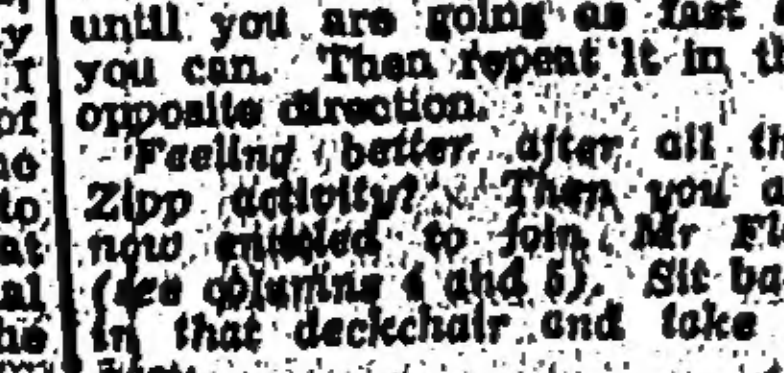
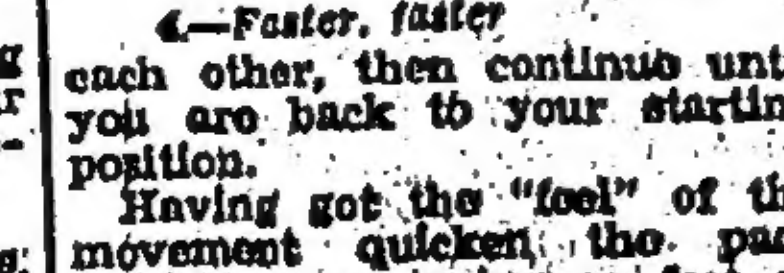
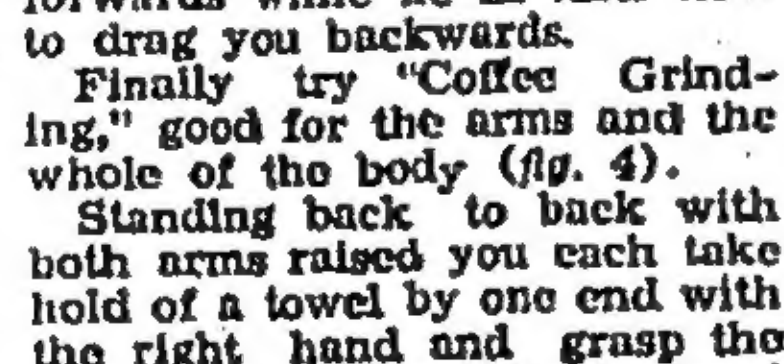
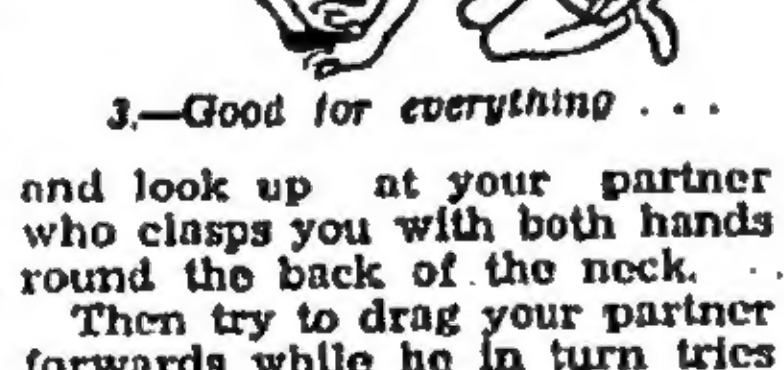
Teague opposes the rash of high-style, colour-including kitchens. He explains that the

clear whiteness of most appliances such as stoves and refrigerators should be relieved by colour accents, but nothing as drastic as coral pink, chartreuse or aquamarine.

"Imagine," he says, "being stuck with a lump of colour that size for the life of the appliance."

"A few years ago," he says, "we had an outbreak of knotty pine offices in skyscrapers. I think now we are in danger of having a rash of knotty pine kitchens, and other efforts to introduce 'nostalgia into what should be the most functional and efficient department of the house.'"

—United Press





THE Aberdeen Trade School's annual prize distribution took place last Sunday. Lady Lo, wife of the Hon. Sir Man-kam Lo, is seen presenting a prize to one of the successful students. (Staff Photographer)



A Chinese lion dance—one of the attractions at the children's party organised by the Sino-British Club and held at the Kowloon Cricket Club last week. (Staff Photographer)



AT the opening on Monday of the Fish Marketing Training Centre, sponsored jointly by the Hongkong Government and the UN Food and Agricultural Organisation. Mr J. T. Wakefield (left), Hongkong's Director of Marketing, is seen in conversation with two Burmese delegates, U E Than and U Saw Myint. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr Luis Chan, the artist (with glasses), discussing a point with the Hon. L. G. Morgan and Mrs Thelma Heitmeyer on the opening day of his one-man show at the Hongkong Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



THIS fine model of a fast patrol boat caught the interest of all young visitors to the exhibition of students' work at the Diocesan Boys' School, held in conjunction with the annual speech day of the School. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr Chater Singh, leader of the visiting University of Malaya sportsman (second from left), photographed with Mr Booy Kok-keng, President of the Malayan Association, and other members at a party in honour of the visitors. Below: Those who took part in the Hongkong-Malaya inter-varsity cricket and football contests. (Staff Photographer)



MR O. F. Bower (left), who has just retired from the Hongkong Police, receiving a farewell gift from the Commissioner, Mr A. C. Maxwell, at a cocktail party held at the Hongkong Club. (Willie's)

LEFT: Mr Francisco Maria Botelho helping his bride, the former Miss Genuina Anita Tavares, to cut the cake at the reception following their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

Still available—

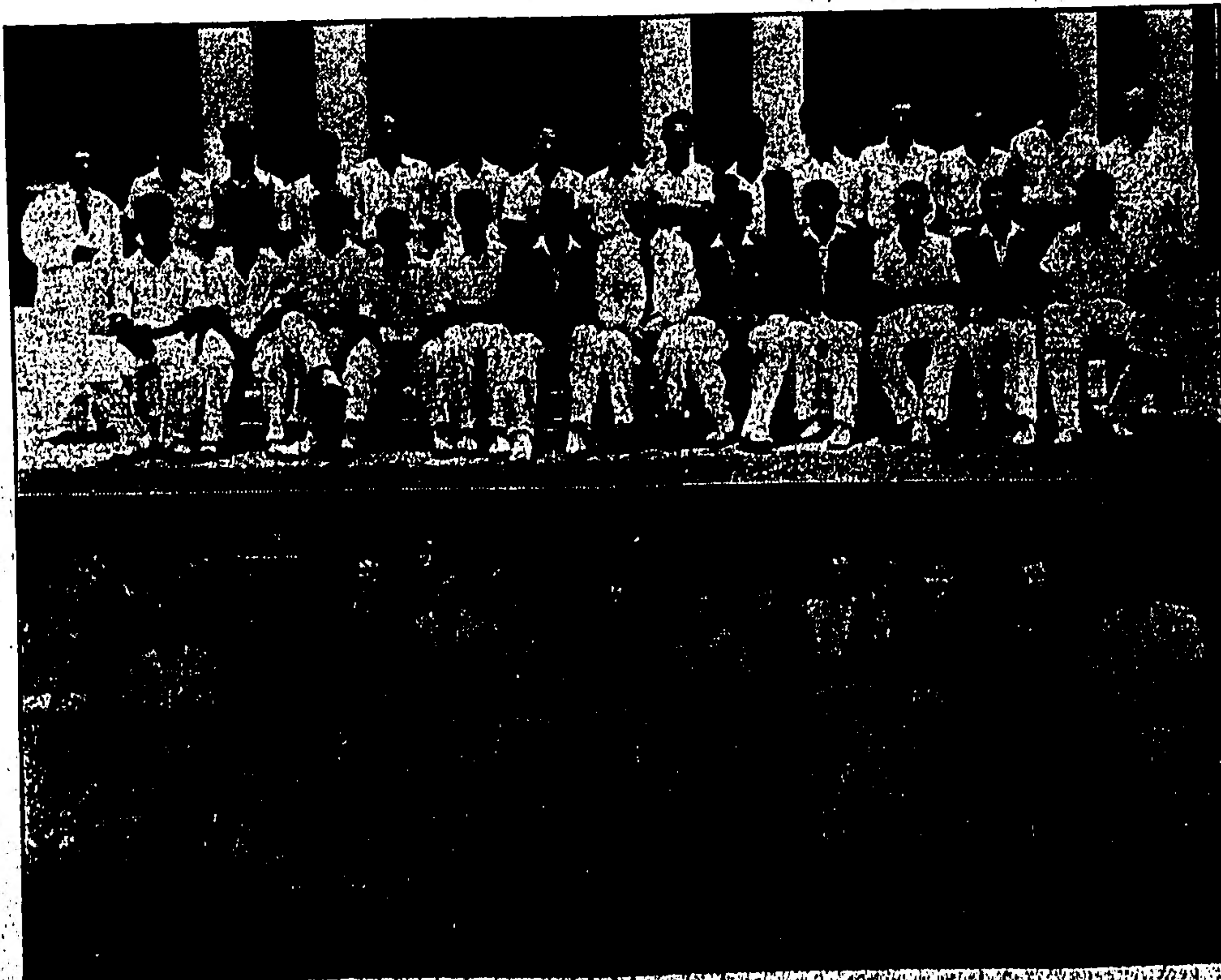
Some

New

Summer cotton frocks
by **Fredrica**

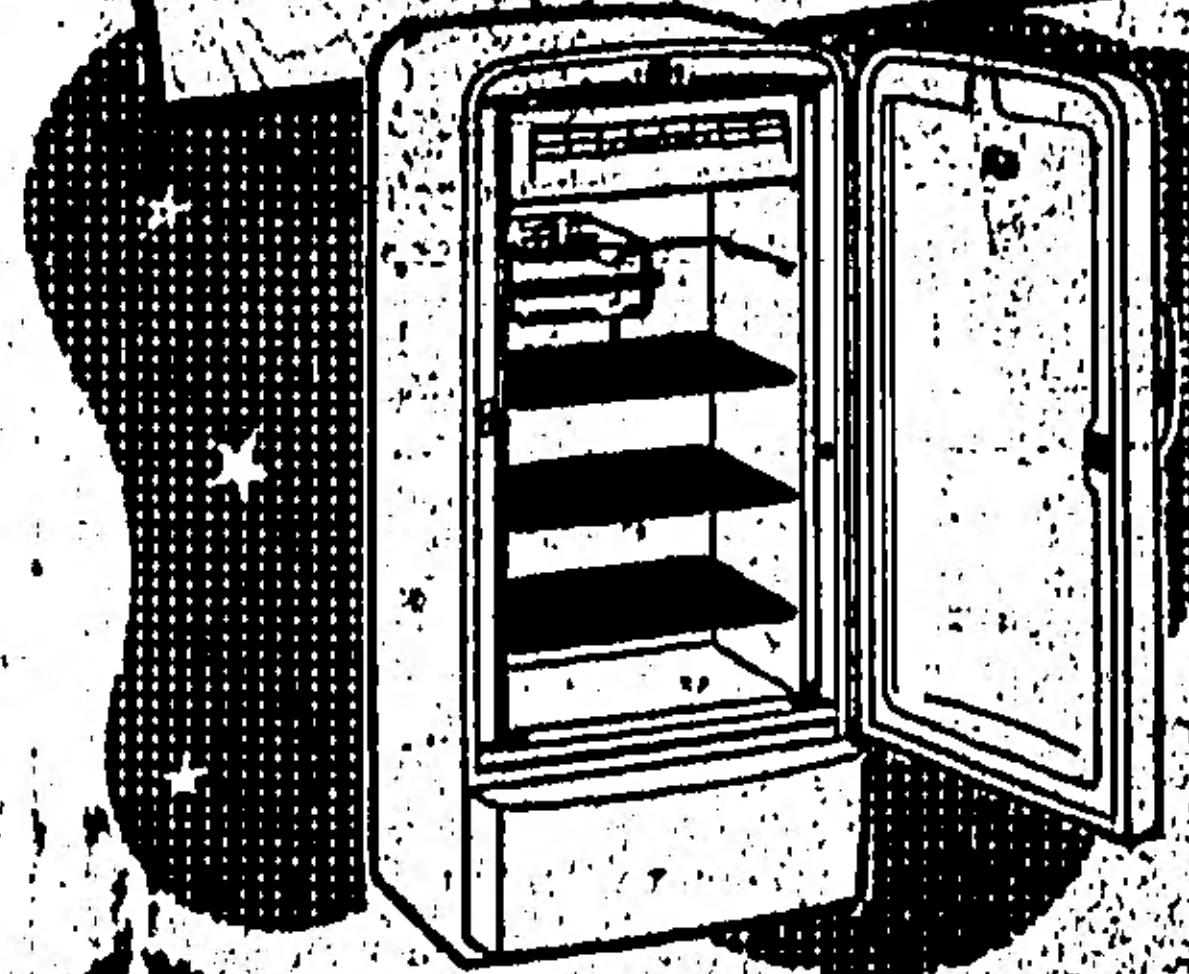
exclusively at

Paguerette LTD.
Gloucester Bldg., 16A Des Voeux Rd.



See it to-day!

LOW PRICED
PHILCO
7 CU. FT. MODEL



With smart "Key Largo" colour styling, and a modern, full-width freezing compartment, PHILCO brings a new standard of value to the low priced refrigerator field. Big 7 cu. ft. storage capacity. Double Utility Trays for use as covered meat compartments or vegetable crisper, or separate food trays. Self-closing Latch.

GILMAN'S

Gloucester Arcade, Tel. 37461, 238 Nathan Road, Tel. 9872



MISS B. M. Bicheno, Headmistress of the Peak School and a strong supporter of St John's Cathedral (third from left), soon at the farewell tea party given in her honour on Thursday by the Council of St John's Cathedral. Miss Bicheno is leaving Hongkong later this month. (Staff Photographer)



MRS I. Lowery (centre), the General Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Children, was presented with an engraved tea service from members of the General and Executive Committees of the organisation before her departure from Hongkong this week. (Staff Photographer)



ONE of the many colourful Chinese folk dances presented by members of the St James's Boys' and Girls' Club at a music night held last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Shiu Wai-ming, wife of a member of the Council of St Stephen's College, presenting prizes at the annual prize day last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



BABY Marilyn Shelagh, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. Hudson Felgate, is photographed with her parents and brother after being christened at St John's Cathedral on Saturday last. (C. K. Pang)



GROUP picture taken after the christening of Victoria Jane, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs K. S. Kinghorn, at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (C. K. Pang)

RIGHT: Mr Shum Iu-lun, who is retiring from Government service after 38 years, replying to good wishes from his colleagues in the Public Works Department after a farewell presentation made by Mr W. R. N. Andrews, seated at left. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at a farewell party for Robert Kwan, son of Mr and Mrs Kwan Man-wai, who is shortly leaving for England to continue his studies. Robert is seen in the middle of the second row. (Cambridge Wang)

WATER'S
FINE
for
FISH

but the Westinghouse
DEHUMIDIFIER
is better for you

Removes up to 3 gallons of water from the air every 24 hours in an enclosed space of not more than 1,000 cubic feet.

- Front panel snaps "in or Out" for easy access to water container.
- "On-Off" disconnect switch for electric safety.
- Completely portable—convenient recessed handles.

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S
Westinghouse

SOLE AGENTS:
DAVID BODS & CO. LTD.
ALEXANDRA HOUSE - PHONE 51206



THE Special Constabulary being inspected by the Commissioner of Police, Mr. A. C. Maxwell, at a review held at Murray Parade Ground on Thursday. Accompanying the Commissioner is the Hon. M. W. Turner, Assistant Commissioner, Special Constabulary. (Staff Photographer)

REST IN COMFORT

in these cool, sleep-inducing

AERTEX
PYJAMAS

Made from fine quality cloth, no collar, short sleeves and legs. Ready to wear or made to your individual measurements.

We have complete ranges of leather slip-in slippers & folding ones for travelling.

MACKINTOSH'S
ALEXANDRA ARCADE
DES VOEUX ROAD

AIR-CONDITIONED FOR YOUR COMFORT.

WITH Les Armour IN Britain Today

It Gets Curiouser And Curiouser

QUITE," said the Literary Rabbit, scrutinising the bundle of clippings in front of him; "there can be little doubt that the rabbit is still regarded as an essential part of the English way of life."

We blinked and suggested, as inoffensively as we could, that the rapid spread of rabbit plague, the prevalence of gin traps, and the national taste for rabbit pie scarcely bore out this conclusion.

The Literary Rabbit gave us a look a marked disdain. In a tone of voice which suggested that infinite patience was needed to deal with idiots like us, he advised us to look at his clippings.

"Here is Mr. Kingsley Martin, editor of the New Statesman and one of all right-thinking left-wing intellects, discussing at length on the moral implications of rabbit extermination."

"This clipping is from Lilliput and, while it flatters me, it is scarcely appreciated in the high councils of the rabbit world; it makes a strong case for our preservation. The next is from a learned Sunday newspaper which suggests that, while the rabbit is not an efficient machine for the conversion of greenstuff into food, the all-round economic amplification of wiping out the rabbit could be disastrous."

"Moreover, writers of letters to The Times have taken a grave view of upsetting the balance of nature. And, need I say, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is constantly on our side."

"You really believe," we questioned, "that these moral and economic considerations will force the government to come to our aid?"

The Rabbit looked pained and, in answer, he said: "The rest of the world is not so much interested in rabbits as by no means recovered an rabbit. Only the finest fraction of us gets caught."

"Even adding in the indirect gains from the profitable fox hunting business, which, some people think, depends on us as a source of fox food, you don't get very far."

"As for the moral implications, Mr. Martin holds that man has no moral right to indulge in cruel extermination of animals. What logic! If his reasoning were carried through, it would apply to rats just as well. Indeed, he rather sheepishly admitted as much this week."

"Then why," we demanded, "do you think you are so dashed safe?"

"Quite simple. You are familiar with my literary cousins, The Fierce Bad Rabbit, Mr. Peter Rabbit, Mr. Benjamin Bunny and Mr. Lewis Carroll's White Rabbit?"

"These are only a few of the famous. Every English child is brought up on this diet of hokum."

"It is quite ingrained in them. Can you imagine an England without Peter Rabbit?"

"Mind you, they have to have some excuse or other for their case. It is so much easier to talk about cruelty or economics in the House of Commons than to talk about Peter Rabbit."

With that, the Literary Rabbit folded up his clippings and hopped off to enjoy our carrot patch.

Beer of Hope

A CHEER for the teetotal brewer.

Soon he may no longer "be condemned, as he is at present, to anonymity."

Indeed, if Mr. Geoffrey Bing, Labour M.P. for Hornchurch, has his way, he will be precipitated into a red-hot blast of publicity.

This curious being, whom most of us classed with the Grifflon and Mock Turtle until this week, apparently plays a vital role in the British way of life.

Mr. Bing reports that some of the beer in this country is "so low gravity" that it would be classified, in the United States, as a non-alcoholic beverage.

By this he does not mean that the beer seems to leer at you instead of keeping an agreeable, pleasant face, but that it has very little alcohol in it. (In point of fact, alcohol or no, any pint after the sixth IS apt to leer.)

On the face of it, one would be inclined to think that the brewer, when a good kind of distillation, might well use the Beer of Hope. But it seems not.

London. Tax on beer is paid on the basis of its specific gravity. The lower the gravity, the lower the tax. But the price does not fluctuate with tax. So the man who makes a low-gravity beer may be able, still, to demand a high-gravity price.

Now this is confusing for the drinker because there is no way of telling from the taste or the appearance of your evening pint what its gravity is.

So Mr. Bing wants to rewrite the law to force every brewer to note the specific gravity on the bottle.

This will enable the teetotal brewer to put a sign on the bottle advising "This is a Brand of Hope Approved Beer" and thus to earn his due and just deserts.

It will also enable the hardened sinner to avoid him who has the plague.

Voice of Doom?

SPROLLERS through the Serpentine Lido in Hyde Park are in for a rude awakening.

The recorded voice of Gilbert Harding, a well-known, experienced star of British radio and television, will remind them at regular intervals to drop their rubbish in the bin.

The Ministry of Works later Committee is proud of its idea. "We think," says one official, "that Gilbert's voice will give people a pleasant surprise."

Pleasant or not, the surprise is there and nothing an outraged citizen can do will stop it.

But the Ministry, before it goes off on a celebration binge, might sit down quietly and give the thing a moment's thought.

What dreadful precedent have they pitched into the British way of life?

Can we expect the earned voice of Marilyn Monroe greeting us from the gateway of Somerset House with, "It's a pleasure to pay your income tax, while the Commissioners for Inland Revenue stand by with open bags to receive the offering?"

Perhaps, the voice of Sir Laurence Olivier will insinuate itself up on us from the washrooms in trains, cautioning that hands should not be washed while the train is standing at the station.

Whitewall may well take on a fairground atmosphere with voices from the Board of Trade urging us to "Work hard for Britain," while loudspeakers from New Scotland Yard warn that cracking crabs is unprofitable, and Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe tells us from the House of Commons that the British people are now comfortable in their homes in British prisons.

The unhappy London commuter may even be assailed by the awesome cackle of Boris Karloff, growling, "Someone knows you're riding without a ticket."

No, gentlemen, no. Silence in the lido, if you please.

Underwear

THE British Woman spends £13 a year on underwear—just £2 less than she spends on other sorts of clothing.

Moreover, the British Woman does not buy bedsocks. Out of 800 women from all walks of life "quizzed" by the clothing makers to find out what they spend and what they want, not one owned up to having bought a single pair of bedsocks in the last year.

All this, must be extremely enlightening to the clothing trade. And it may very well set the sociologists rushing off to rip the latest findings through their lightning calculators.

The underwear men will jump with joy.

The sociologists doubtless will wring their hands sadly and conclude that the British Woman is no longer the bedsocks-wearing, home-loving sort she used to be.

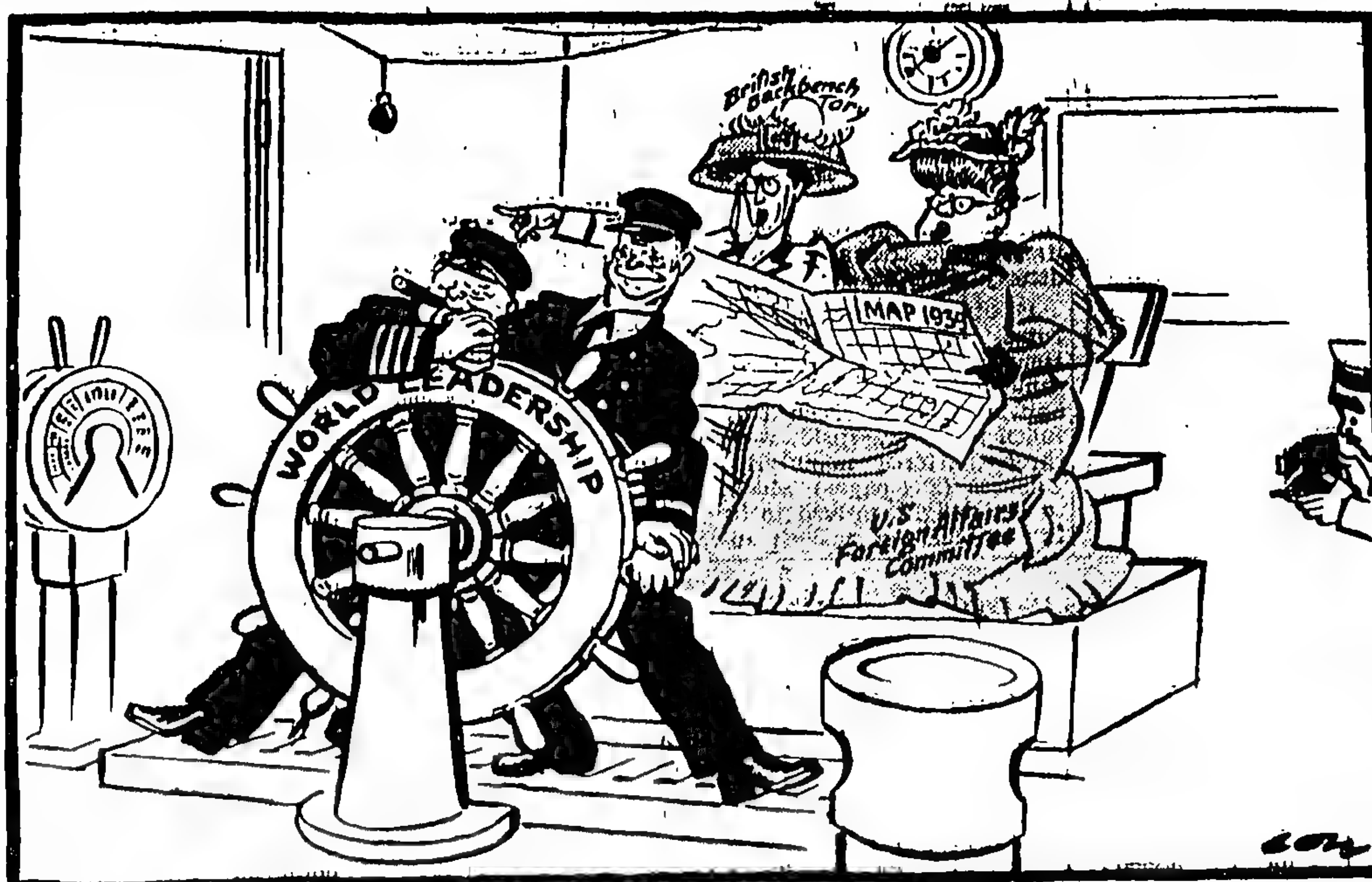
Dr. Kinsey, if he gets to hear about it, will possibly be tempted to believe that all this underwear consciousness demonstrates that the British Woman is tending to behave in the manner he ascribed to her American counterpart.

The gloomier sort of social probler will mutter that it's all due to the mass hysteria engendered by the fearful foundation garment ads which line the escalators of London's Underground. The subtle "change to our underwear and you, too, can be the life of the party" implications of these advertisements, they will argue, are slowly undermining the national character.

We, however, are prepared to leap to no conclusions.

It could be that, when Mr. Bing reports that some of the beer in this country is "so low gravity" that it would be classified, in the United States, as a non-alcoholic beverage.

Underwear consciousness, in our view, probably tells us that women are naturally nude.



BACKSEAT DRIVERS

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

IS THERE A PRIME MINISTER IN THE HOUSE?

JEFFREY TYLER looks around the political stables to spot likely leaders of tomorrow

SITTING at this moment on the back benches of the House of Commons there must be young men whose names will one day mean as much to the British electorate as now do the names of Churchill, Attlee, Morrison, Eden, Butler and Bevan.

Who are they? Where are the political two-year-olds of promise, the handful of classic hopes among the selling platters? I give you two horses to follow from each of the big party stables. Put your money on any of them and you could be backing a future Prime Minister.

Take the Tories first. Here comes Master REGINALD MAUDLING, 38, Economic Secretary to the Treasury, who was trained by Mr. Butler in the private pastures of the Conservative Parliamentary secretariat.

He is a big, lumbering, black-haired fellow. His eyes, behind thick spectacles, look mildly surprised. Perhaps he still finds it a little odd to be making his own speeches instead of writing them for others. For in his backroom days, before the 1950 election swept him into the Commons, his ghost hovered frequently over the Opposition despatch box.

Turner back

Messrs Lytton, Butler, Eden—he supplied facts and turned phrases for all of them. Sir Winston Churchill, too, drew on Maudling's raw material, though he turned the phrases back.

"We'll leave this bit out, I think." You can almost hear the familiar mutter, see the grin. "One-sided, you say? My dear Maudling, in the course of a long political life I have learned to make one-sided speeches with fortitude."

Maudling himself is not the hard-hitting type of Parliamentarian. Butler is his model. His tone in debate is studiously reasonable, his patience unending, his grasp of detail quietly relentless.

He will Hae with the Chancellor, which means that his nature is rocky-lined. He is politically the most gifted of the Butler boys—the intellectual superior of Mr. Macleod, less heavy-handed than the clever Mr. Ernest Powell. Yet something is missing still. A gleam of colour, perhaps; a distinctive casual, charming insolence. He

personality. Let him take a word of advice.

He can learn something useful from his Treasury colleagues. From Butler's mask of infinite world-weariness, from Boyd-Carpenter's bouncing walk and shooting cuffs. The small, curly-brimmed bowler is too nicely adjusted for Westminster, the rolled umbrella too neat. He should cultivate an air work up an eccentricity. For Master Reginald the right political prescription is strict in the arm and an orchid in the buttonhole.

Hefty man

Still roving over the Tory benches, I take you now to the member who sits right behind Sir Winston Churchill. To a hefty young man who spends much of his life in the Prime Minister's company and who was with him at the moment on board the Queen Elizabeth on the return voyage from the Washington conference.

Yes, it is Sir Winston's son-in-law, CHRISTOPHER SOAMES.

You are surprised that I list him here? You think, perhaps, that Captain Soames is just a nice, capable fellow who through marriage has caught a lot of attention that he would otherwise have missed?

Up to a point you are right. Marriage to Mary Churchill has made all the difference to Christopher Soames. It has thrown him into the most intimate association with our greatest statesman. In other words, it has brought him a unique apprenticeship, an incomparable political education. Soames is learning things that no one else could teach him.

What a prize for any young man!

Churchill is fond of his son-in-law. And he takes notice of Soames's views. They are at ways together—Churchill, where Soames helps to manage the Churchill farm, at Chequers and Westminster, where, like a devoted major-domo, he is concerned in nearly everything that Churchill does.

I have seen the captain among the crowd, Churchill staff in hand and very much in command of what was going on. I see him in the Commons, where everyday is equipping him for leadership in his own right. Farmer Soames, 34 this year, has seized his political chance, and he will make the most of it.

Casual insolence

Look now across the floor. Here is Master JAMES CALLAGHAN, 41, a former Inland Revenue official who was elected into politics by the late Professor Laek. He is tall, loose-limbed, walks with a rolling gait. Is this, too, from his war-time service in the R.N.V.R.?

Not so. There is nothing amateurish about it. He inherited it from his father, a splendid incongruity, served in the Royal yacht, Victoria and Albert.

Callaghan is a born, Gaelic-mannered whose special gift is a casual, charming insolence. He

saunters into the House, picks up a debate by the scruff of the neck, shakes it vigorously, saunters out again.

So far he has failed to protect this brilliant impudence over this brilliant impudence. But he will master this medium, too; for he is a determined fellow of measureless ambition.

In Labour's time Callaghan held junior posts at the Admiralty and Ministry of Transport. Whether or not the Bevanites gain control of the party, he will hold high office in the next Socialist Government.

He is making very sure of that. The ambling walk takes him along a precisely and delicately mapped path. When the party is at loggerheads, he moves like a cat on hot bricks; and the cat never jumps either way. The edges of Callaghan's political creed are blurred. The vagueness is carefully planned, the ambiguity deliberate. Callaghan, like the Abbe Sieyes, has the will to survive.

A different proposition is Master ANTHONY CROSLAND, 34, a dark and handsome economist who roundly damns all trimmers.

He is a paradox; so blunt that he may cut himself. Yet his toughness is highly sophisticated. He brings to a Socialist back bench the graces of an Oxford high table—a fondness for good living, witty conversation, a glass of wine, a cigar.

In the war he served as a parachute officer, and nothing could have been more appropriate than his mission after D-Day. They dropped him successfully on Cannes.

It's amusing

Crosland is a Socialist moderate. But it is not what he would call himself. That the Bevanites should be described as the Left Wing of the party he finds "an amusing convention." He considers them retrospectively old-fashioned. The fetish of nationalisation does not excite him. What matters in any industry—publicly or privately owned—is how far the workers are allowed a share in running it.

Genuine industrial democracy, the levelling of educational opportunities, the spreading of a sense of equality—these are the targets of Master Crosland and the party's New Thinkers. On and upward to the classless State. Who insisted on serving notice to the public schools in the new Socialist programme? Why the so-called Right Wing. They are the authentic radicals, the real harbingers of the bright Socialist dawn.

Well, that is Master Anthony. His political caps are all in the hat. He is a specialist career. Equally they could be smashed to bits if Bevan won the party leadership.

In that case, one feels, Crosland would shrug elegantly and buy a single ticket, first class, of course, back to his working class. For of all these classic parties, his eye seems to be most earnestly on the winning post.

THIS is
the Gin...



... FOR A PERFECT
GIN AND TONIC

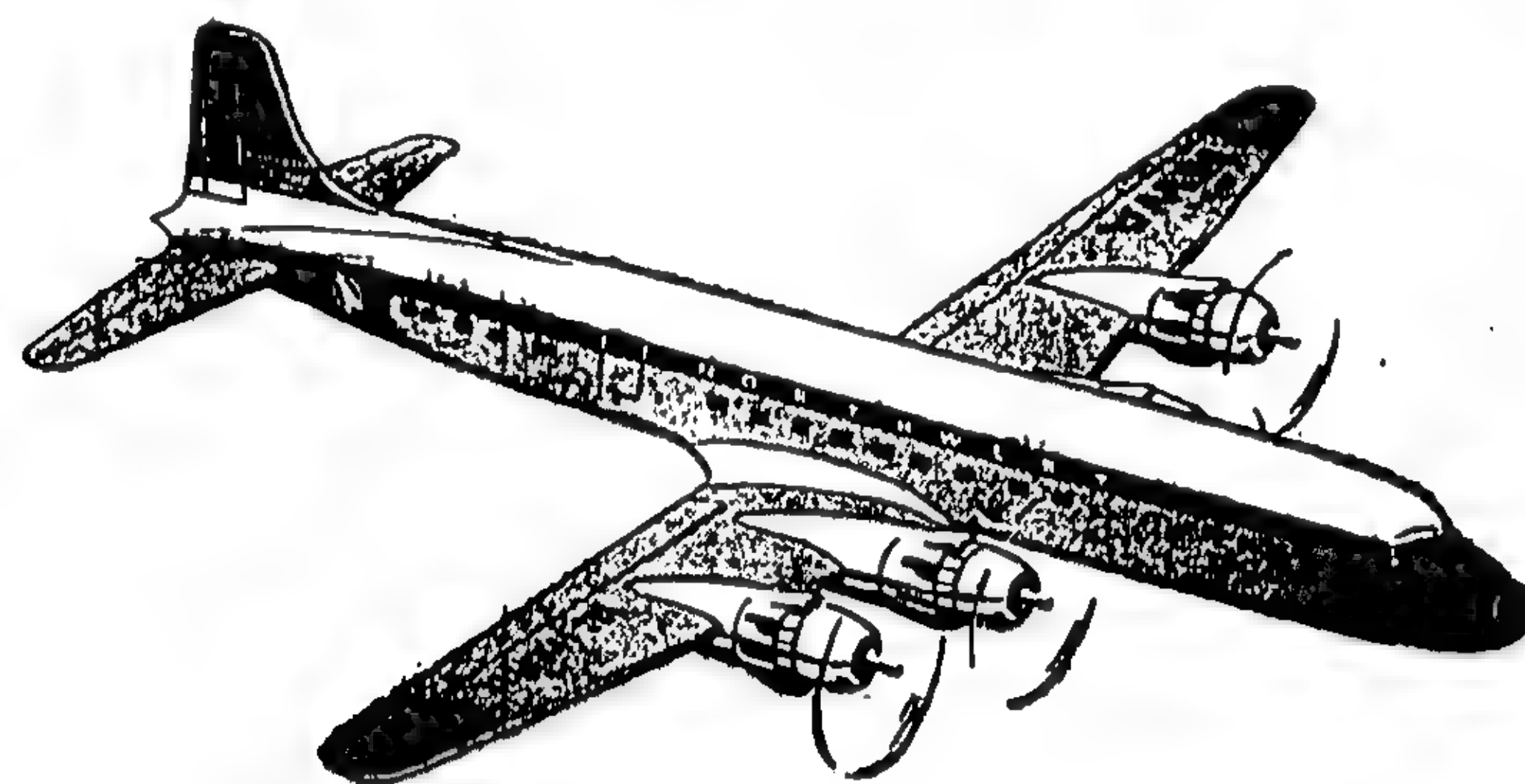
Undoubtedly the coolest, cleanest drink in the world with a subtle flavour of its very own. Best results are easily obtained by simply mixing Gordon's and tonic water in a good sized glass, add a thin slice of lemon and relax. Then you'll have proved to yourself that there's nothing, absolutely nothing, so good as a Gordon's Gin and Tonic.

*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

DISTRIBUTORS: DODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED



EFFECTIVE JULY 18
NORTHWEST Orient AIRLINES
DOUBLES
DC-6B Tourist
only **\$550** to the
U.S.A.

Hong Kong* to West Coast cities
(via Hong Kong Airways to Taipei, and connecting services to Tokyo)

By Popular Demand, Northwest is
DOUBLING its Trans-Pacific DC-6B
Tourist Service and now offers TWO
flights a week. Flights leave Tokyo on
Sunday and Wednesday.

HERE'S ALL YOU PAY from HONG KONG* to—	
Seattle	\$550
San Francisco†	550
Los Angeles†	550
Chicago†	626
Washington, D. C.†	648
New York†	649

*Via Hong Kong Airways to Taipei.
†Via connecting airline from Seattle.
‡Via Northwest Tourist connection from Seattle.

★ PRESSURIZED - TO FLY
ABOVE THE WEATHER!

★ CABINS REDESIGNED
FOR YOUR COMFORT

★ BIG, WIDE
COMFORTABLE SEATS

★ COMPLIMENTARY MEALS!

(All Fares quoted in U.S. Currency)
"NWA to the U.S.A."

HONG KONG AIRWAYS

14/15 Paddar St., Hong Kong. Telephone: 27794
Peninsula Hotel, Kowloon, Telephone: 59161

NORTHWEST Orient AIRLINES

Ground Floor, St. George's Hotel, Ice House Street, Hong Kong.
Telephone: 52850, 21178, 28171.

Or Your Travel Agent

SHORTEST, FASTEST TO THE U.S.A.

Cor de Groot

Far East Tour Complete Success

A complete nature of the Cor de Groot, including a complete history of the breed, a complete list of breeders, a complete list of show results, a complete list of breeders, a complete list of show results, a complete list of breeders, a complete list of show results.

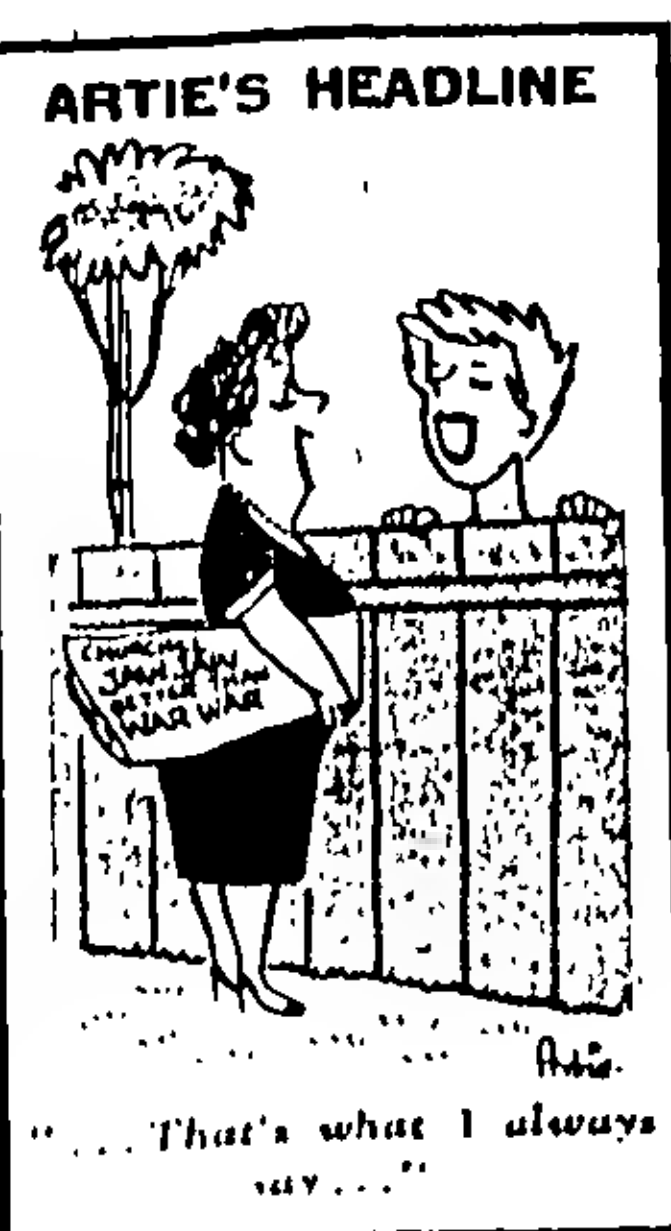
Write or Phone for CATALOGUE

Sole Agents: **GODDARD & CO., LTD.**
307, China Building Telephone 37996

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS

This is Hong Kong (New, ready)	\$ 8.50
Enjoyable Cookery	15.00
Baby Book	25.00
The Hongkong Countryside (Herklots)	25.00
Hongkong Birds (Herklots)	35.00
Coronation Glory	10.50
King George VI	10.50
It's Fun Finding Out—2nd series (Bernard Wickstead)	5.00
Rupert Adventures (Annual)	4.00
More Adventures of Rupert (Annual)	5.00
Rupert (Magazines)	1.00
The Magic Scroll	5.00
No Hiding Place (Behind Scotland Yard)	10.00
Common Marine Food-Fishes of Hongkong (Second enlarged edition)	24.00
Weights & Measurements	15.00
Chinese Creeds & Customs (V R Burkhardt)	18.00
4th Impression	7.50
The D-Day Story in Pictures (Bookings Accepted)	

On Sale At
SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST, LTD.
HONGKONG KOWLOON



Paris meant danger

...to the modest buccaneer

BOOKS

by George
Malcolm Thomson

WHEN St. Malo was retaken by the Americans and its German garrison of 86 had surrendered, the town, with its historic treasures, was utterly destroyed.

Poking about among the ruins, the scholarly M. Hemar, a local architect, came upon an old trunk, half-burned and crushed by fallen masonry. Inside were three battered manuscript volumes (824 pages) which, to his delight, proved to be the memoirs of a West In-

dian filibuster of the reign of Louis XIV, Captain Louis-Adhemar-Timothée le Golf.

M. Hemar showed his find to M. Alaux, an artist, who carried the precious volumes off to Paris and called in M. T'Serstevens, a novelist, to help in the work of editing. M. Alaux cut down tedious accounts of naval actions and improved the spelling. M. T'Serstevens indulged in further amputations with the pitiless surgery of the professional mind.

former were scarce among the buccaneers, save only among the English who, being heretics, were abnormally jealous. "How," asks le Golf in disgust, "can one remain on good terms with heretics?" Not only did they pillage churches and molest monks, but they insisted on having the better part of the provisions for themselves.

The famous pirate Teach or Blackbeard (a Nonconformist) would have found little favour with his French confrere. Would he have tolerated Captain Kidd (Presbyterian)? It seems doubtful.

The last section of his story makes rather reading. After killing and robbing so many Spaniards, he naturally expected reward or naval command from his king. He received neither.

Going to Paris to press his claims, he was robbed by misadventure, who promised him an audience with the king. He concluded that Paris was more dangerous than the Caribbean Sea, and when the French navy suffered a series of defeats, had no need to look far for the explanation.

Brutal, lurid and boastful, filled with wild exaggerations, downright lies and coarse comedy, the memoirs of this French buccaneer are an eloquent tribute to the literary skill of le Golf and his editors.

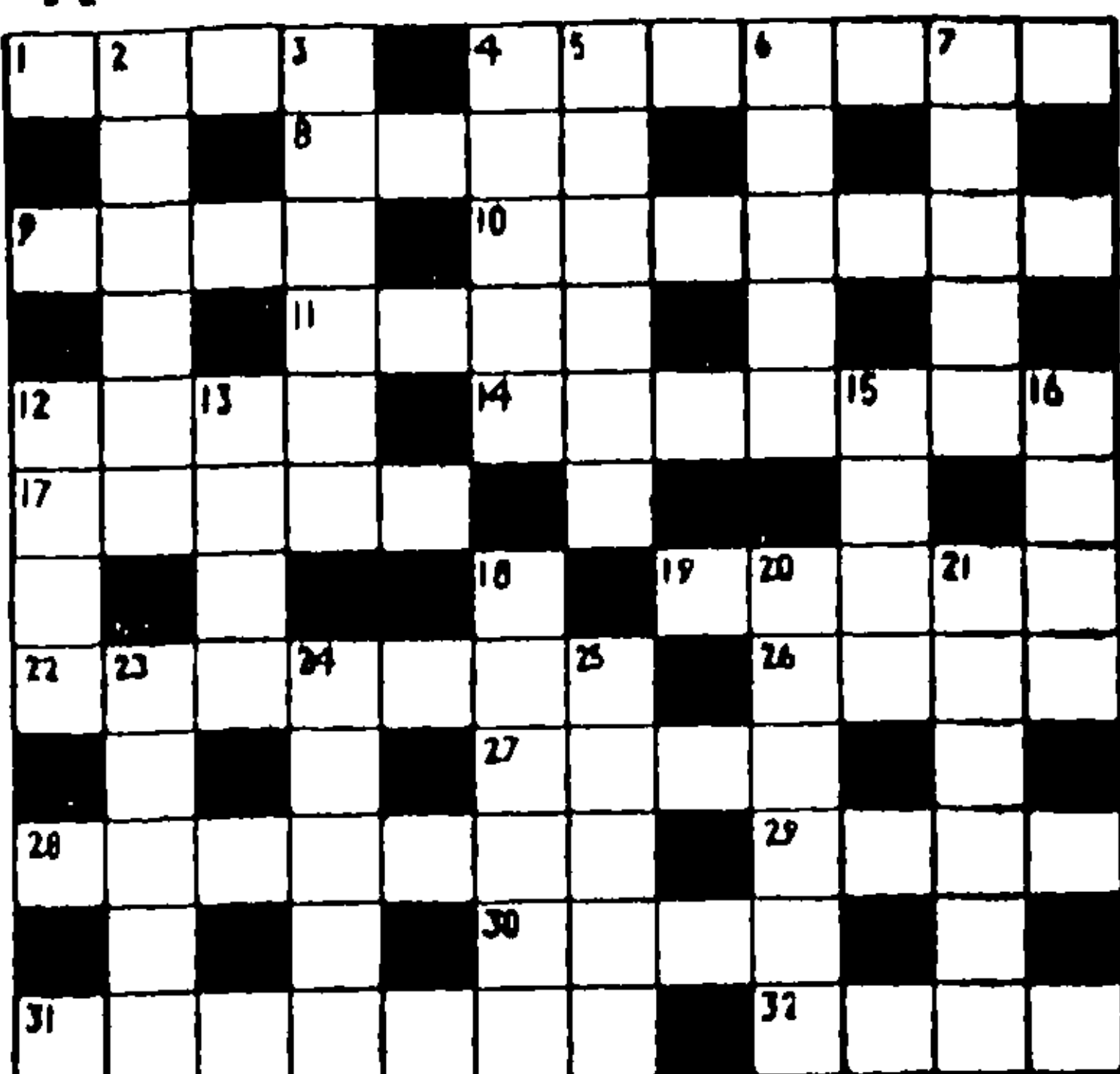
LIBRARY LIST

● **A Villa in Summer.** By Penelope Mortimer. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d. 270 pages. Young married love and young married jealousies occurring in a typical stretch of English countryside, where the mansion is in the clutches of a progressive school and the local pub is full of film directors in search of the Soul of Britain. Mark down for your pleasure in this novel both sensitive and witty.

● **The White Desert.** By John Gleave. Chatto and Windus. 25s. 304 pages. The young married love and young married jealousies occurring in a typical stretch of English countryside, where the mansion is in the clutches of a progressive school and the local pub is full of film directors in search of the Soul of Britain. Mark down for your pleasure in this novel both sensitive and witty.

● **No, But I Saw the Movie.** By Peter de Vries. Gollancz. 12s. 6d. 248 pages. De Vries was brought up in a Dutch Calvinist community; now contributes to the New Yorker. He writes accordingly. Starting life with an incalculable belief in Total Depravity, he has found little in life to disturb that dogma but enough humour to make it bearable.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Deeds (4)
- 2 Exact copy (7)
- 3 Precious stone (4)
- 4 Thwart (4)
- 5 Butcher (7)
- 6 Engr (4)
- 7 Smart (4)
- 8 Fate (7)
- 9 Renovate (5)
- 10 Scent (5)
- 11 Command (7)
- 12 Besides (4)
- 13 Participle (4)
- 14 Take prisoner (7)
- 15 Employed (4)
- 16 Water juk (4)
- 17 Noble lady (7)
- 18 Compass point (4)

DOWN

- 1 Drape (6)
- 2 Console (6)
- 3 Mud (5)
- 4 Dodged (6)
- 5 Not heavy (5)
- 6 Free from dirt (5)
- 7 Shellfish (4)
- 8 Unit of length (4)
- 9 Object of worship (4)
- 10 Oiler times (4)
- 11 Looks fixedly (6)
- 12 Modest (6)
- 13 Shows in (6)
- 14 Escape from (5)
- 15 Penetrate (5)
- 16 Shimmers (5)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Bedlam, 5 Relax, 8 Raven, 9 Sprout, 10 Busin, 11 Madman, 12 Nook, 13 Tease, 16 Models, 18 Scores, 20 Steel, 22 Zero, 23 Refer, 25 Basis, 26 Tinsel, 27 Sheep, 28 Spies, 29 Sensed. Down: 1 Business, 2 Dormouse, 3 Arum, 4 Matador, 5 Rebates, 6 Enamel, 7 Alias, 14 Asperges, 15 Extolled, 16 Molests, 17 Deletes, 19 Cerise, 21 Tramp, 24 Ripe

PARADE

TO THE WOODS

The shipwrights of Britain discovered last week that the wheel had gone full cycle. They were right back where they started in King Alfred the Great's days building wooden ships again.

Even in the atom age, it seemed the Navy could not get by without its wooden walls.

The Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, told the Admiralty Committee of Shipwrights at a formal luncheon of the Navy's plan to revert to wood as building material for its coastal and inshore mine-sweeping squadron.

Modern magnetic-type mines, he said, made this necessary.

THAT HORSE AGAIN

The Trojan Horse is causing trouble again in Rome.

American film director Robert Wise has decided he doesn't like the 20-foot wooden horse designed by Italian carpenters. He is planning to have a special team come from Hollywood to make the horse for the new picture "Helen of Troy."

But Italian labourers say they will go on strike if he does.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE

Two years and nine months ago, 36-year-old Anne Becker set off on her horse Furio to ride the 17,000 miles from Buenos Aires to Ottawa.

The other day she arrived after a world-record-breaking ride.

The streets were lined with cheering citizens.

But the cheers weren't for her. Sir Winston Churchill arrived the same hour.

LOVELY ANKLES

When the name of Miss Cook was called to receive first prize in a "Lovely Ankle" competition at a Southampton (Hampshire) church fete, Mr. J. Cook stepped forward.

He had borrowed his wife's nylon and shoes, and with 24 women stood behind a screen under which only ankles were visible.

The judges disqualified him and the prize went to the runner-up.

HEAR, HEAR TECHNIQUE

"Glasses for hearing"—this is the latest idea from America, which have will revolutionise technique for treating deafness and eye trouble.

These special glasses have a hearing aid complete with batteries, microphone and all.

The message was marked "Comed" a classification several grades higher than "Top Secret." As NATO's informants had visualised it, the Soviet heavy cruiser, Admiral Nakhimov, would torpedo the Greek flag ship, the Elli, in the Gulf of Salonika. And on board the Elli were King Paul of Greece and President Tito of Yugoslavia. They were sailing from Athens to Salonika to watch there a spectacular Army march-past before Tito's return to Belgrade.

The alert came from the Greek Admiralty. A top priority signal had reached them from the cruiser Elli reporting that one cruiser and two destroyers of unknown nationality had been sighted on the horizon, following the cruiser Elli.

It was immediately assumed that they were the Soviet warship Admiral Nakhimov and her two escort destroyers, which had, a few days earlier, crossed the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean.

The Greek Admiralty immediately signalled NATO's Southern HQ to alert the 6th U.S. Fleet, since a Soviet attack against the Greek flag ship would have meant war.

After taking all emergency measures the present officers of the Greek Naval Staff instructed the Elli to proceed with the identification of the "suspect" vessels.

It took several strained hours before all concerned heaved a sigh of relief when the news came that the Soviet cruiser turned out to be Marshal Tito's warship, the Galeb, and two Yugoslav destroyers which had been escorting the Elli to Salonika.

STONE DEAF William James Kelway, 70, of Wellington, Somerset, made a fortune out of his invention and manufacture of the famous "Toms" violin strings, noted for their purity of tone, but he was stone deaf.

He counted among his customers, from all over the world the cream of international string instrumentalists including Kreisler and Kubelik. He left no will when he died recently but a fortune of £91,142, almost half of which has gone in death duties.

No one knew his secret of making his violin strings. He began playing the violin at ten. When deafness, 20 years later, spoiled his future as a player, he began experimenting with the idea of perfecting violin and other strings for a variety of instruments. He was 60 when he died.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Kissing The Bride

BY HARRY WEINERT



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Radio Hongkong Relaying Commentary On British Grand Prix Motor Race

A programme of interest to sports enthusiasts in general, and the motoring fraternity in particular, will be broadcast this evening at 10.30. This will be an eyewitness account, by a BBC commentator, of the RAC British Grand Prix, which is to be run on the new circuit at Aintree, near Liverpool.

The British Grand Prix is for formula cars, and the race is one of 90 laps, totalling 270 miles. Sponsored again by the Daily Express, it is being organised by the British Racing Drivers Club.

The new circuit at Aintree, recently completed, runs for three miles on the perimeter of the famous steepchase circuit. It is a fast course, with its long Railway Straight (just under a mile), and the finishing straight of about half a mile past the stands.

The whole course is in full view of the big grandstands which hold over 20,000 people. There is parking space for 15,000 cars.

"BLOOD WILL OUT"

Many interesting details about the British pedigree livestock industry are given in "Blood Will Out" - a BBC feature programme introduced by Harry Hunt, the BBC's Agricultural Liaison Officer, and Robert Flegan.

It includes the view of experts on the breeding of British livestock, and the Secretary of the British Livestock Export Group tells how the Group was organised to overcome the difficulties of getting animals to their new homes overseas.

Listeners are given glimpses of that breed of breeders from all parts of the world - the livestock sales at Perth in Scotland; and of the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. This 'angle' on an unusual British export can be heard on Friday at 8.30 p.m.

THE STORY OF CURARE
The attractions of curare, a strange poison that has fascinated many unusual men, lie in its dangerous power and its insidious qualities.

Listeners to the "Story of Curare" will learn how, though discovered in the time of Columbus, until quite recently no real use was found for the drug; but in 1942 two anaesthetists in Montreal used curare for the first time in surgical operations.

Today it is increasingly employed to relax the muscles of patients during critical operations. Some of the scenes in this absorbing programme are set in the South American jungles, where for centuries explorers have studied and collected the many varieties of the poison which Indian tribes smear on the tips of their arrows.

Radio Hongkong is broadcasting this feature on Tuesday evening at 9.45.

MUSIC

Jan Hu will be in the Concert Hall on Wednesday evening at 8.30 to give a short recital of songs by Tchaikovsky. Jan Hu, who is a member of a very musical family, is already well known to listeners to Radio Hongkong for his charming and varied repertoire - from Chinese songs to Italian arias. His group on Wednesday will include "Two Aprils", "Serenade", "Why" and "Spring Time".

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Today

12.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.35 NEWS FROM THE SHOWS.
1.00 P.M. NEWS.
1.05 P.M. NEWS.
1.10 P.M. NEWS.
1.15 P.M. NEWS.
1.20 P.M. NEWS.
1.25 P.M. NEWS.
1.30 P.M. NEWS.
1.35 P.M. NEWS.
1.40 P.M. NEWS.
1.45 P.M. NEWS.
1.50 P.M. NEWS.
1.55 P.M. NEWS.
2.00 P.M. NEWS.
2.05 P.M. NEWS.
2.10 P.M. NEWS.
2.15 P.M. NEWS.
2.20 P.M. NEWS.
2.25 P.M. NEWS.
2.30 P.M. NEWS.
2.35 P.M. NEWS.
2.40 P.M. NEWS.
2.45 P.M. NEWS.
2.50 P.M. NEWS.
2.55 P.M. NEWS.
3.00 P.M. NEWS.
3.05 P.M. NEWS.
3.10 P.M. NEWS.
3.15 P.M. NEWS.
3.20 P.M. NEWS.
3.25 P.M. NEWS.
3.30 P.M. NEWS.
3.35 P.M. NEWS.
3.40 P.M. NEWS.
3.45 P.M. NEWS.
3.50 P.M. NEWS.
3.55 P.M. NEWS.
4.00 P.M. NEWS.
4.05 P.M. NEWS.
4.10 P.M. NEWS.
4.15 P.M. NEWS.
4.20 P.M. NEWS.
4.25 P.M. NEWS.
4.30 P.M. NEWS.
4.35 P.M. NEWS.
4.40 P.M. NEWS.
4.45 P.M. NEWS.
4.50 P.M. NEWS.
4.55 P.M. NEWS.
5.00 P.M. NEWS.
5.05 P.M. NEWS.
5.10 P.M. NEWS.
5.15 P.M. NEWS.
5.20 P.M. NEWS.
5.25 P.M. NEWS.
5.30 P.M. NEWS.
5.35 P.M. NEWS.
5.40 P.M. NEWS.
5.45 P.M. NEWS.
5.50 P.M. NEWS.
5.55 P.M. NEWS.
6.00 P.M. NEWS.
6.05 P.M. NEWS.
6.10 P.M. NEWS.
6.15 P.M. NEWS.
6.20 P.M. NEWS.
6.25 P.M. NEWS.
6.30 P.M. NEWS.
6.35 P.M. NEWS.
6.40 P.M. NEWS.
6.45 P.M. NEWS.
6.50 P.M. NEWS.
6.55 P.M. NEWS.
7.00 P.M. NEWS.
7.05 P.M. NEWS.
7.10 P.M. NEWS.
7.15 P.M. NEWS.
7.20 P.M. NEWS.
7.25 P.M. NEWS.
7.30 P.M. NEWS.
7.35 P.M. NEWS.
7.40 P.M. NEWS.
7.45 P.M. NEWS.
7.50 P.M. NEWS.
7.55 P.M. NEWS.
8.00 P.M. NEWS.
8.05 P.M. NEWS.
8.10 P.M. NEWS.
8.15 P.M. NEWS.
8.20 P.M. NEWS.
8.25 P.M. NEWS.
8.30 P.M. NEWS.
8.35 P.M. NEWS.
8.40 P.M. NEWS.
8.45 P.M. NEWS.
8.50 P.M. NEWS.
8.55 P.M. NEWS.
9.00 P.M. NEWS.
9.05 P.M. NEWS.
9.10 P.M. NEWS.
9.15 P.M. NEWS.
9.20 P.M. NEWS.
9.25 P.M. NEWS.
9.30 P.M. NEWS.
9.35 P.M. NEWS.
9.40 P.M. NEWS.
9.45 P.M. NEWS.
9.50 P.M. NEWS.
9.55 P.M. NEWS.
10.00 P.M. NEWS.
10.05 P.M. NEWS.
10.10 P.M. NEWS.
10.15 P.M. NEWS.
10.20 P.M. NEWS.
10.25 P.M. NEWS.
10.30 P.M. NEWS.
10.35 P.M. NEWS.
10.40 P.M. NEWS.
10.45 P.M. NEWS.
10.50 P.M. NEWS.
10.55 P.M. NEWS.
11.00 P.M. NEWS.
11.05 P.M. NEWS.
11.10 P.M. NEWS.
11.15 P.M. NEWS.
11.20 P.M. NEWS.
11.25 P.M. NEWS.
11.30 P.M. NEWS.
11.35 P.M. NEWS.
11.40 P.M. NEWS.
11.45 P.M. NEWS.
11.50 P.M. NEWS.
11.55 P.M. NEWS.
12.00 P.M. NEWS.
12.05 P.M. NEWS.
12.10 P.M. NEWS.
12.15 P.M. NEWS.
12.20 P.M. NEWS.
12.25 P.M. NEWS.
12.30 P.M. NEWS.
12.35 P.M. NEWS.
12.40 P.M. NEWS.
12.45 P.M. NEWS.
12.50 P.M. NEWS.
12.55 P.M. NEWS.
1.00 P.M. NEWS.
1.05 P.M. NEWS.
1.10 P.M. NEWS.
1.15 P.M. NEWS.
1.20 P.M. NEWS.
1.25 P.M. NEWS.
1.30 P.M. NEWS.
1.35 P.M. NEWS.
1.40 P.M. NEWS.
1.45 P.M. NEWS.
1.50 P.M. NEWS.
1.55 P.M. NEWS.
2.00 P.M. NEWS.
2.05 P.M. NEWS.
2.10 P.M. NEWS.
2.15 P.M. NEWS.
2.20 P.M. NEWS.
2.25 P.M. NEWS.
2.30 P.M. NEWS.
2.35 P.M. NEWS.
2.40 P.M. NEWS.
2.45 P.M. NEWS.
2.50 P.M. NEWS.
2.55 P.M. NEWS.
3.00 P.M. NEWS.
3.05 P.M. NEWS.
3.10 P.M. NEWS.
3.15 P.M. NEWS.
3.20 P.M. NEWS.
3.25 P.M. NEWS.
3.30 P.M. NEWS.
3.35 P.M. NEWS.
3.40 P.M. NEWS.
3.45 P.M. NEWS.
3.50 P.M. NEWS.
3.55 P.M. NEWS.
4.00 P.M. NEWS.
4.05 P.M. NEWS.
4.10 P.M. NEWS.
4.15 P.M. NEWS.
4.20 P.M. NEWS.
4.25 P.M. NEWS.
4.30 P.M. NEWS.
4.35 P.M. NEWS.
4.40 P.M. NEWS.
4.45 P.M. NEWS.
4.50 P.M. NEWS.
4.55 P.M. NEWS.
5.00 P.M. NEWS.
5.05 P.M. NEWS.
5.10 P.M. NEWS.
5.15 P.M. NEWS.
5.20 P.M. NEWS.
5.25 P.M. NEWS.
5.30 P.M. NEWS.
5.35 P.M. NEWS.
5.40 P.M. NEWS.
5.45 P.M. NEWS.
5.50 P.M. NEWS.
5.55 P.M. NEWS.
6.00 P.M. NEWS.
6.05 P.M. NEWS.
6.10 P.M. NEWS.
6.15 P.M. NEWS.
6.20 P.M. NEWS.
6.25 P.M. NEWS.
6.30 P.M. NEWS.
6.35 P.M. NEWS.
6.40 P.M. NEWS.
6.45 P.M. NEWS.
6.50 P.M. NEWS.
6.55 P.M. NEWS.
7.00 P.M. NEWS.
7.05 P.M. NEWS.
7.10 P.M. NEWS.
7.15 P.M. NEWS.
7.20 P.M. NEWS.
7.25 P.M. NEWS.
7.30 P.M. NEWS.
7.35 P.M. NEWS.
7.40 P.M. NEWS.
7.45 P.M. NEWS.
7.50 P.M. NEWS.
7.55 P.M. NEWS.
8.00 P.M. NEWS.
8.05 P.M. NEWS.
8.10 P.M. NEWS.
8.15 P.M. NEWS.
8.20 P.M. NEWS.
8.25 P.M. NEWS.
8.30 P.M. NEWS.
8.35 P.M. NEWS.
8.40 P.M. NEWS.
8.45 P.M. NEWS.
8.50 P.M. NEWS.
8.55 P.M. NEWS.
9.00 P.M. NEWS.
9.05 P.M. NEWS.
9.10 P.M. NEWS.
9.15 P.M. NEWS.
9.20 P.M. NEWS.
9.25 P.M. NEWS.
9.30 P.M. NEWS.
9.35 P.M. NEWS.
9.40 P.M. NEWS.
9.45 P.M. NEWS.
9.50 P.M. NEWS.
9.55 P.M. NEWS.
10.00 P.M. NEWS.
10.05 P.M. NEWS.
10.10 P.M. NEWS.
10.15 P.M. NEWS.
10.20 P.M. NEWS.
10.25 P.M. NEWS.
10.30 P.M. NEWS.
10.35 P.M. NEWS.
10.40 P.M. NEWS.
10.45 P.M. NEWS.
10.50 P.M. NEWS.
10.55 P.M. NEWS.
11.00 P.M. NEWS.
11.05 P.M. NEWS.
11.10 P.M. NEWS.
11.15 P.M. NEWS.
11.20 P.M. NEWS.
11.25 P.M. NEWS.
11.30 P.M. NEWS.
11.35 P.M. NEWS.
11.40 P.M. NEWS.
11.45 P.M. NEWS.
11.50 P.M. NEWS.
11.55 P.M. NEWS.
12.00 P.M. NEWS.
12.05 P.M. NEWS.
12.10 P.M. NEWS.
12.15 P.M. NEWS.
12.20 P.M. NEWS.
12.25 P.M. NEWS.
12.30 P.M. NEWS.
12.35 P.M. NEWS.
12.40 P.M. NEWS.
12.45 P.M. NEWS.
12.50 P.M. NEWS.
12.55 P.M. NEWS.
1.00 P.M. NEWS.
1.05 P.M. NEWS.
1.10 P.M. NEWS.
1.15 P.M. NEWS.
1.20 P.M. NEWS.
1.25 P.M. NEWS.
1.30 P.M. NEWS.
1.35 P.M. NEWS.
1.40 P.M. NEWS.
1.45 P.M. NEWS.
1.50 P.M. NEWS.
1.55 P.M. NEWS.
2.00 P.M. NEWS.
2.05 P.M. NEWS.
2.10 P.M. NEWS.
2.15 P.M. NEWS.
2.20 P.M. NEWS.
2.25 P.M. NEWS.
2.30 P.M. NEWS.
2.35 P.M. NEWS.
2.40 P.M. NEWS.
2.45 P.M. NEWS.
2.50 P.M. NEWS.
2.55 P.M. NEWS.
3.00 P.M. NEWS.
3.05 P.M. NEWS.
3.10 P.M. NEWS.
3.15 P.M. NEWS.
3.20 P.M. NEWS.
3.25 P.M. NEWS.
3.30 P.M. NEWS.
3.35 P.M. NEWS.
3.40 P.M. NEWS.
3.45 P.M. NEWS.
3.50 P.M. NEWS.
3.55 P.M. NEWS.
4.00 P.M. NEWS.
4.05 P.M. NEWS.
4.10 P.M. NEWS.
4.15 P.M. NEWS.
4.20 P.M. NEWS.
4.25 P.M. NEWS.
4.30 P.M. NEWS.
4.35 P.M. NEWS.
4.40 P.M. NEWS.
4.45 P.M. NEWS.
4.50 P.M. NEWS.
4.55 P.M. NEWS.
5.00 P.M. NEWS.
5.05 P.M. NEWS.
5.10 P.M. NEWS.
5.15 P.M. NEWS.
5.20 P.M. NEWS.
5.25 P.M. NEWS.
5.30 P.M. NEWS.
5.35 P.M. NEWS.
5.40 P.M. NEWS.
5.45 P.M. NEWS.
5.50 P.M. NEWS.
5.55 P.M. NEWS.
6.00 P.M. NEWS.
6.05 P.M. NEWS.
6.10 P.M. NEWS.
6.15 P.M. NEWS.
6.20 P.M. NEWS.
6.25 P.M. NEWS.
6.30 P.M. NEWS.
6.35 P.M. NEWS.
6.40 P.M. NEWS.
6.45 P.M. NEWS.
6.50 P.M. NEWS.
6.55 P.M. NEWS.
7.00 P.M. NEWS.
7.05 P.M. NEWS.
7.10 P.M. NEWS.
7.15 P.M. NEWS.
7.20 P.M. NEWS.
7.25 P.M. NEWS.
7.30 P.M. NEWS.
7.35 P.M. NEWS.
7.40 P.M. NEWS.
7.45 P.M. NEWS.
7.50 P.M. NEWS.
7.55 P.M. NEWS.
8.00 P.M. NEWS.
8.05 P.M. NEWS.
8.10 P.M. NEWS.
8.15 P.M. NEWS.
8.20 P.M. NEWS.
8.25 P.M. NEWS.
8.30 P.M. NEWS.
8.35 P.M. NEWS.
8.40 P.M. NEWS.
8.45 P.M. NEWS.
8.50 P.M. NEWS.
8.55 P.M. NEWS.
9.00 P.M. NEWS.
9.05 P.M. NEWS.
9.10 P.M. NEWS.
9.15 P.M. NEWS.
9.20 P.M. NEWS.
9.25 P.M. NEWS.
9.30 P.M. NEWS.
9.35 P.M. NEWS.
9.40 P.M. NEWS.
9.45 P.M. NEWS.
9.50 P.M. NEWS.
9.55 P.M. NEWS.
10.00 P.M. NEWS.
10.05 P.M. NEWS.
10.10 P.M. NEWS.
10.15 P.M. NEWS.
10.20 P.M. NEWS.
10.25 P.M. NEWS.
10.30 P.M. NEWS.
10.35 P.M. NEWS.
10.40 P.M. NEWS.
10.45 P.M. NEWS.
10.50 P.M. NEWS.
10.55 P.M. NEWS.
11.00 P.M. NEWS.
11.05 P.M. NEWS.
11.10 P.M. NEWS.
11.15 P.M. NEWS.
11.20 P.M. NEWS.
11.25 P.M. NEWS.
11.30 P.M. NEWS.
11.35 P.M. NEWS.
11.40 P.M. NEWS.
11.45 P.M. NEWS.
11.50 P.M. NEWS.
11.55 P.M. NEWS.
12.00 P.M. NEWS.
12.05 P.M. NEWS.
12.10 P.M. NEWS.
12.15 P.M. NEWS.
12.20 P.M. NEWS.
12.25 P.M. NEWS.
12.30 P.M. NEWS.
12.35 P.M. NEWS.
12.40 P.M. NEWS.
12.45 P.M. NEWS.
12.50 P.M. NEWS.
12.55 P.M. NEWS.
1.00 P.M. NEWS.
1.05 P.M. NEWS.
1.10 P.M. NEWS.
1.15 P.M. NEWS.
1.20 P.M. NEWS.
1.25 P.M. NEWS.
1.30 P.M. NEWS.
1.35 P.M. NEWS.
1.40 P.M. NEWS.
1.45 P.M. NEWS.
1.50 P.M. NEWS.
1.55 P.M. NEWS.
2.00 P.M. NEWS.
2.05 P.M. NEWS.
2.10 P.M. NEWS.
2.15 P.M. NEWS.
2.20 P.M. NEWS.
2.25 P.M. NEWS.
2.30 P.M. NEWS.
2.35 P.M. NEWS.
2.40 P.M. NEWS.
2.45 P.M. NEWS.
2.50 P.M. NEWS.
2.55 P.M. NEWS.
3.00 P.M. NEWS.
3.05 P.M. NEWS.
3.10 P.M. NEWS.
3.15 P.M. NEWS.
3.20 P.M. NEWS.
3.25 P.M. NEWS.
3.30 P.M. NEWS.
3.35 P.M. NEWS.
3.40 P.M. NEWS.
3.45 P.M. NEWS.
3.50 P.M. NEWS.
3.55 P.M. NEWS.
4.00 P.M. NEWS.
4.05 P.M. NEWS.
4.10 P.M. NEWS.
4.15 P.M. NEWS.
4.20 P.M. NEWS.
4.25 P.M. NEWS.
4.30 P.M. NEWS.
4.35 P.M. NEWS.
4.40 P.M. NEWS.
4.45 P.M. NEWS.
4.50 P.M. NEWS.
4.55 P.M. NEWS.
5.00 P.M. NEWS.
5.05 P.M. NEWS.
5.10 P.M. NEWS.
5.15 P.M. NEWS.
5.20 P.M. NEWS.
5.25 P.M. NEWS.
5.30 P.M. NEWS.
5.35 P.M. NEWS.
5.40 P.M. NEWS.
5.45 P.M. NEWS.
5.50 P.M. NEWS.
5.55 P.M. NEWS.
6.00 P.M. NEWS.
6.05 P.M. NEWS.
6.10 P.M. NEWS.
6.15 P.M. NEWS.
6.20 P.M. NEWS.
6.25 P.M. NEWS.
6.30 P.M. NEWS.
6.35 P.M. NEWS.
6.40 P.M. NEWS.
6.45 P.M. NEWS.
6.50 P.M. NEWS.
6.55 P.M. NEWS.
7.00 P.M. NEWS.
7.05 P.M. NEWS.
7.10 P.M. NEWS.
7.15 P.M. NEWS.
7.20 P.M. NEWS.
7.25 P.M. NEWS.
7.30 P.M. NEWS.
7.35 P.M. NEWS.
7.40 P.M. NEWS.
7.45 P.M. NEWS.
7.50 P.M. NEWS.
7.55 P.M. NEWS.
8.00 P.M. NEWS.
8.05 P.M. NEWS.
8.10 P.M. NEWS.
8.15 P.M. NEWS.
8.20 P.M. NEWS.
8.25 P.M. NEWS.
8.30 P.M. NEWS.
8.35 P.M. NEWS.
8.40 P.M. NEWS.
8.45 P.M. NEWS.
8.50 P.M. NEWS.
8.55 P.M. NEWS.
9.00 P.M. NEWS.
9.05 P.M. NEWS.
9.10 P.M. NEWS.
9.15 P.M. NEWS.
9.20 P.M. NEWS.
9.25 P.M. NEWS.
9.30 P.M. NEWS.
9.35 P.M. NEWS.
9.40 P.M. NEWS.
9.45 P.M. NEWS.
9.50 P.M. NEWS.
9.55 P.M. NEWS.
10.00 P.M. NEWS.
10.05 P.M. NEWS.
10.10 P.M. NEWS.
10.15 P.M. NEWS.
10.20 P.M. NEWS.
10.25 P.M. NEWS.
10.30 P.M. NEWS.
10.35 P.M. NEWS.
10.40 P.M. NEWS.
10.45 P.M. NEWS.
10.50 P.M. NEWS.
10.55 P.M. NEWS.
11.00 P.M. NEWS.
11.05 P.M. NEWS.
11.10 P.M. NEWS.
11.15 P.M. NEWS.
11.20 P.M. NEWS.
11.25 P.M. NEWS.
11.30 P.M. NEWS.
11.35 P.M. NEWS.
11.40 P.M. NEWS.
11.45 P.M. NEWS.
11.50 P.M. NEWS.
11.55 P.M. NEWS.
12.00 P.M. NEWS.
12.05 P.M. NEWS.
12.10 P.M. NEWS.
12.15 P.M. NEWS.
12.20 P.M. NEWS.
12.25 P.M. NEWS.
12.30 P.M. NEWS.
12.35 P.M. NEWS.
12.40 P.M. NEWS.
12.45 P.M. NEWS.
12.50 P.M. NEWS.
12.55 P.M. NEWS.
1.00 P.M. NEWS.
1.05 P.M. NEWS.
1.10 P.M. NEWS.
1.15 P.M. NEWS.
1.20 P.M. NEWS.
1.25 P.M. NEWS.
1.30 P.M. NEWS.
1.35 P.M. NEWS.
1.40 P.M. NEWS.
1.45 P.M. NEWS.
1.50 P.M. NEWS.
1.55 P.M. NEWS.
2.00 P.M. NEWS.
2.05 P.M. NEWS.
2.10 P.M. NEWS.
2.15 P.M. NEWS.
2.20 P.M. NEWS.
2.25 P.M. NEWS.
2.30 P.M. NEWS.
2.35 P.M. NEWS.
2.40 P.M. NEWS.
2.45 P.M. NEWS.
2.50 P.M. NEWS.
2.55 P.M. NEWS.
3.00 P.M. NEWS.
3.05 P.M. NEWS.
3.10 P.M. NEWS.
3.15 P.M. NEWS.
3.20 P.M. NEWS.
3.25 P.M. NEWS.
3.30 P.M. NEWS.
3.35 P.M. NEWS.
3.40 P.M. NEWS.
3.45 P.M. NEWS.
3.50 P.M. NEWS.
3.55 P.M. NEWS.
4.00 P.M. NEWS.
4.05 P.M. NEWS.
4.10 P.M. NEWS.
4.15 P.M. NEWS.
4.20 P.M. NEWS.
4.25 P.M. NEWS.
4.30 P.M. NEWS.
4.35 P.M. NEWS.
4.40 P.M. NEWS.
4.45 P.M. NEWS.
4.50 P.M. NEWS.
4.55 P.M. NEWS.
5.00 P.M. NEWS.
5.05 P.M. NEWS.
5.10 P.M. NEWS.
5.15 P.M. NEWS.
5.20 P.M. NEWS.
5.25 P.M. NEWS.
5.30 P.M. NEWS.
5.35 P.M. NEWS.
5.40 P.M. NEWS.
5.45 P.M. NEWS.
5.50 P.M. NEWS.
5.55 P.M. NEWS.
6.00 P.M. NEWS.
6.05 P.M. NEWS.
6.10 P.M. NEWS.
6.15 P.M. NEWS.
6.20 P.M. NEWS.
6.25 P.M. NEWS.
6.30 P.M. NEWS.
6.35 P.M. NEWS.
6.40 P.M. NEWS.
6.45 P.M. NEWS.
6.50 P.M. NEWS.
6.55 P.M. NEWS.
7.00 P.M. NEWS.
7.05 P.M. NEWS.
7.10 P.M. NEWS.
7.15 P.M. NEWS.
7.20 P.M. NEWS.
7.25 P.M. NEWS.
7.30 P.M. NEWS.
7.35 P.M. NEWS.
7.40 P.M. NEWS.
7.45 P.M. NEWS.
7.50 P.M. NEWS.
7.55 P.M. NEWS.
8.00 P.M. NEWS.
8.05 P.M. NEWS.
8.10 P.M. NEWS.
8.15 P.M. NEWS.
8.20 P.M. NEWS.
8.25 P.M. NEWS.
8.30 P.M. NEWS.
8.35 P.M. NEWS.
8.40 P.M. NEWS.
8.45 P.M. NEWS.
8.50 P.M. NEWS.
8.55 P.M. NEWS.
9.00 P.M. NEWS.
9.05 P.M. NEWS.
9.10 P.M. NEWS.
9.15 P.M. NEWS.
9.20 P.M. NEWS.
9.25 P.M. NEWS.
9.30 P.M. NEWS.
9.35 P.M. NEWS.
9.40 P.M. NEWS.
9.45 P.M. NEWS.
9.50 P.M. NEWS.
9.55 P.M. NEWS.
10.00 P.M. NEWS.
10.05 P.M. NEWS.
10.10 P.M. NEWS.
10.15 P.M. NEWS.
10.20 P.M. NEWS.
10.25 P.M. NEWS.
10.30 P.M. NEWS.
10.35 P.M. NEWS.
10.40 P.M. NEWS.
10.45 P.M. NEWS.
10.50 P.M. NEWS.
10.55 P.M. NEWS.
11.00 P.M. NEWS.
11.05 P.M. NEWS.
11.10 P.M. NEWS.
11.15 P.M. NEWS.
11.20 P.M. NEWS.
11.25 P.M. NEWS.
11.30 P.M. NEWS.
11.35 P.M. NEWS.
11.40 P.M. NEWS.
11.45 P.M. NEWS.
11.50 P.M. NEWS.
11.55 P.M. NEWS.
12.00 P.M. NEWS.
12.05 P.M. NEWS.
12.10 P.M. NEWS.
12.15 P.M. NEWS.
12.20 P.M. NEWS.
12.25 P.M. NEWS.
12.30 P.M. NEWS.
12.35 P.M. NEWS.
12.40 P.M. NEWS.
12.45 P.M. NEWS.
12.50 P.M. NEWS.
12.55 P.M. NEWS.
1.00 P.M. NEWS.
1.05 P.M. NEWS.
1.10 P.M. NEWS.
1.15 P.M. NEWS.
1.20 P.M. NEWS.
1.25 P.M. NEWS.
1.30 P.M. NEWS.
1.35 P.M. NEWS.
1.40 P.M. NEWS.
1.45 P.M. NEWS.
1.50 P.M. NEWS.
1.55 P.M. NEWS.
2.00 P.M. NEWS.
2.05 P.M. NEWS.
2.10 P.M. NEWS.
2.15 P.M. NEWS.
2.20 P.M. NEWS.
2.25 P.M. NEWS.
2.30 P.M. NEWS.
2.35 P.M. NEWS.
2.40 P.M. NEWS.
2.45 P.M. NEWS.
2.50 P.M. NEWS.
2.55 P.M. NEWS.
3.00 P.M. NEWS.
3.05 P.M. NEWS.
3.10 P.M. NEWS.
3.15 P.M. NEWS.
3.20 P.M. NEWS.
3.25 P.M. NEWS.
3.30 P.M. NEWS.
3.35 P.M. NEWS.
3.40 P.M. NEWS.
3.45 P.M. NEWS.
3.50 P.M. NEWS.
3.55 P.M. NEWS.
4.00 P.M. NEWS.
4.05 P.M. NEWS.
4.10 P.M. NEWS.
4.15 P.M. NEWS.
4.20 P.M. NEWS.
4.25 P.M. NEWS.
4.30 P.M. NEWS.
4.35 P.M. NEWS.
4.40 P.M. NEWS.
4.45 P.M. NEWS.
4.50 P.M. NEWS.
4.55 P.M. NEWS.
5.00 P.M. NEWS.
5.05 P.M. NEWS.
5.10 P.M. NEWS.
5.15 P.M. NEWS.
5.20 P.M. NEWS.
5.25 P.M. NEWS.
5.30 P.M. NEWS.
5.35 P.M. NEWS.
5.40 P.M. NEWS.
5.45 P.M. NEWS.
5.50 P.M. NEWS.
5.55 P.M. NEWS.
6.00 P.M. NEWS.
6.05 P.M. NEWS.
6.10 P.M. NEWS.
6.15 P.M. NEWS.
6.20 P.M. NEWS.
6.25 P.M. NEWS.
6.30 P.M. NEWS.
6.35 P.M. NEWS.
6.40 P.M. NEWS.
6.45 P.M. NEWS.
6.50 P.M. NEWS.
6.55 P.M. NEWS.
7.00 P.M. NEWS.
7.05 P.M. NEWS.
7.10 P.M. NEWS.
7.15 P.M. NEWS.
7.20 P.M. NEWS.
7.25 P.M. NEWS.
7.30 P.M. NEWS.
7.35 P.M. NEWS.
7.40 P.M. NEWS.
7.45 P.M. NEWS.
7.50 P.M. NEWS.
7.55 P.M. NEWS.
8.00 P.M. NEWS.
8.05 P.M. NEWS.
8.10 P.M. NEWS.
8.15 P.M. NEWS.
8.20 P.M. NEWS.
8.25 P.M. NEWS.
8.30 P.M. NEWS.
8.35 P.M. NEWS.
8.40 P.M. NEWS.
8.45 P.M. NEWS.
8.50 P.M. NEWS.
8.55 P.M. NEWS.
9.00 P.M. NEWS.
9.05 P.M. NEWS.
9.10 P.M. NEWS.
9.15 P.M. NEWS.
9.20 P.M. NEWS.
9.25 P.M. NEWS.
9.30 P.M. NEWS.
9.35 P.M. NEWS.
9.40 P.M. NEWS.
9.45 P.M. NEWS.
9.50 P.M. NEWS.
9.55 P.M. NEWS.
10.00 P.M. NEWS.
10.05 P.M. NEWS.
10.10 P.M. NEWS.
10.15 P.M. NEWS.
10.20 P.M. NEWS.
10.25 P.M. NEWS.
10.30 P.M. NEWS.
10.35 P.M. NEWS.
10.40 P.M. NEWS.
10.45 P.M. NEWS.
10.50 P.M. NEWS.
10.55 P.M. NEWS.
11.00 P.M. NEWS.
11.05 P.M. NEWS.
11.10 P.M. NEWS.
11.15 P.M. NEWS.
11.20 P.M. NEWS.
11.25 P.M. NEWS.
11.30 P.M. NEWS.
11.35 P.M. NEWS.
11.40 P.M. NEWS.
11.45 P.M. NEWS.
11.50 P.M. NEWS.
11.55 P.M. NEWS.
12.00 P.M. NEWS.
12.05 P.M. NEWS.
12.10 P.M. NEWS.
12.15 P.M. NEWS.
12.20 P.M. NEWS.
12.25 P.M. NEWS.
12.30 P.M. NEWS.
12.35 P.M. NEWS.
12.40 P.M. NEWS.
12.45 P.M. NEWS.
12.50 P.M. NEWS.
12.55 P.M. NEWS.
1.00 P.M. NEWS.
1.05 P.M. NEWS.
1.10 P.M. NEWS.
1.15 P.M. NEWS.
1.20 P.M. NEWS.
1.25 P.M. NEWS.
1.30 P.M. NEWS.
1.35 P.M. NEWS.
1.40 P.M. NEWS.
1.45 P.M. NEWS.
1.50 P.M. NEWS.
1.55 P.M. NEWS.
2.00 P.M. NEWS.
2.05 P.M. NEWS.
2.10 P.M. NEWS.
2.15 P.M. NEWS.
2.20 P.M. NEWS.
2.25 P.M. NEWS.
2.30 P.M. NEWS.
2.35 P.M. NEWS.
2.40 P.M. NEWS.
2.45 P.M. NEWS.
2.50 P.M. NEWS.
2.55 P.M. NEWS.
3.00 P.M. NEWS.
3.05 P.M. NEWS.
3.10 P.M. NEWS.
3.15 P.M. NEWS.
3.20 P.M. NEWS.
3.25 P.M. NEWS.
3.30 P.M. NEWS.
3.35 P.M. NEWS.
3.40 P.M. NEWS.
3.45 P.M. NEWS.
3.50 P.M. NEWS.
3.55 P.M. NEWS.
4.00 P.M. NEWS.
4.05 P.M. NEWS.
4.10 P.M. NEWS.
4.15 P.M. NEWS.
4.20 P.M. NEWS.
4.25 P.M. NEWS.
4.30 P.M. NEWS.
4.35 P.M. NEWS.
4.40 P.M. NEWS.
4.45 P.M. NEWS.
4.50 P.M. NEWS.
4.55 P.M. NEWS.
5.00 P.M. NEWS.
5.05 P.M. NEWS.
5.10 P.M. NEWS.
5.15 P.M. NEWS.
5.20 P.M. NEWS.
5.25 P.M. NEWS.
5.30 P.M. NEWS.
5.35 P.M. NEWS.
5.40 P.M. NEWS.
5.45 P.M. NEWS.
5.50 P.M. NEWS.
5.55 P.M. NEWS.
6.00 P.M. NEWS.
6.05 P.M. NEWS.
6.10 P.M. NEWS.
6.15 P.M. NEWS.
6.20 P.M. NEWS.
6.25 P.M. NEWS.
6.30 P.M. NEWS.
6.35 P.M. NEWS.
6.40 P.M. NEWS.
6.45 P.M. NEWS.
6.50 P.M. NEWS.
6.55 P.M. NEWS.
7.00 P.M. NEWS.
7.05 P.M. NEWS.
7.10 P.M. NEWS.
7.15 P.M. NEWS.
7.20 P.M. NEWS.
7.25 P.M. NEWS.
7.30 P.M. NEWS.
7.35 P.M. NEWS.
7.40 P.M. NEWS.
7.45 P.M. NEWS.
7.50 P.M. NEWS.
7.55 P.M. NEWS.
8.00 P.M. NEWS.
8.05 P.M. NEWS.
8.10 P.M. NEWS.
8.15 P.M. NEWS.
8.20 P.M. NEWS.
8.25 P.M. NEWS.
8.30 P.M. NEWS.
8.35 P.M. NEWS.
8.40 P.M. NEWS.
8.45 P.M. NEWS.
8.50 P.M. NEWS.
8.55 P.M. NEWS.
9.00 P.M. NEWS.
9.05 P.M. NEWS.
9.10 P.M. NEWS.
9.15 P.M. NEWS.
9.20 P.M. NEWS.
9.25 P.M. NEWS.
9.30 P.M. NEWS.
9.35 P.M. NEWS.
9.40 P.M. NEWS.
9.45 P.M. NEWS.
9.50 P.M. NEWS.
9.55 P.M. NEWS.
10.00 P.M. NEWS.
10.05 P.M. NEWS.
10.10 P.M. NEWS

LEAGUE BOWLS

TOUGH JOB AHEAD FOR THE RECREIO "BLUES" IN THE NEXT THREE WEEKS

By "TOUCHER"

With the two Luz brothers, who are scheduled to leave for the Empire Games today, out of their team, the champion Recreio "Blues" begin this afternoon the tough assignment of holding their lead in the First Division Lawn Bowls League for the next three weeks.

They will cross over to the under-sized Filipino Club green this afternoon and with the large gaps left with the departure of the Luz brothers, they will undoubtedly meet with strong opposition from the Filipino bowlers.

All the three Recreio rinks have been reshuffled and although both Jackie Noronha's and Johnny Ribeiro's remain fairly strong, C. Roza-Pereira's four may prove to be the weak link.

A confident Filipino bowler confided in me that his side would win by a 1-2 margin. With the advantage of playing on a home green which is slightly different from other greens, my friend's optimism seems to me well justified.

Much of Recreio's chance of staying off a defeat appears to rest on the ability of J. M. Gutierrez, F. X. Silva, L. F. Xavier and C. Roza-Pereira to click as a rink.

The luck of the draw may also be an important factor. Should L. S. Silva's rink be

drawn against that of C. Roza-Pereira, the "Blues" could be assured of a 4-1 or 5-0 victory.

Should, however, Bill Ogley's or Dick Basa's rink clash with that of C. Roza-Pereira, the Filipino bowlers will be given a good opportunity of bringing off an upset win.

Kowloon Cricket Club should reap the best harvest of the week's First Division game. Placed in as sound a position as any other in the league, the "Blues" on the League table with one game in hand and 3½ points behind the Empire Games team, they will have a deteriorating Police Club team as their opponents this afternoon.

Well within their grasp are the maximum five points which will place them virtually in

better position than the Recreio "Blues".

Closest game in the First Division will probably be that between Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Recreio "Whites" at Austin Road. The KRCG bowlers put up a creditable performance last week, though losing to Kowloon Cricket Club by 4½ points to 2.

They will be without their Empire Games lead, Eric Laddell, this afternoon, but with the improving form they are showing they must be conceded a likely 4-1 win in this game.

SECOND DIVISION

Main interest in this week's League games will be centred on the Second Division where competition at its closest and keenest, especially among the six top contenders, Hongkong Football Club, Taikoo, Craigengower, Recreio, KCC and Indian Recreation Club.

Craigengower have the best of the draw this afternoon as they will be at home to the Hongkong Cricket Club from whom they are expected to take at least four points which will bring their aggregate points to 32 with one game in hand in comparison to HKFC, Taikoo and Recreio.

The Football Club, who are at the head of the table with 29½ points, have a tough assignment in an away match against Recreio.

This should be an extremely close game, in which Recreio will undoubtedly go all out to collect at least four points to put them back in the running for the Championship.

On the form they showed last week-end, when they went down to Craigengower by 4-1, it seems to me that the odds will be well on the side of the Football Club to win by a 4-1 margin.

The best match of the afternoon in the Second Division will be that between Taikoo and Kowloon Cricket Club at Taikoo. Though fifth on the League table and 4½ points behind the League-leading HKFC, the Kowloon Cricket Club are in the happy position of having two games in hand.

A good win for them this afternoon will not only enhance their position, but will also blunt the challenge of one of their strongest rivals for the Championship.

At the moment, Taikoo are playing head-up bowls and although the Kowloonites have been improving tremendously in their last few matches, it is still difficult to conceive of them as the winners in this afternoon's game.

Kimbrough's rink is still to be beaten after five outings and J. Baxter's rink has only lost two games this season. I expect these two rinks to carry Taikoo to a 4-1 win.

In the Third Division all the three top teams will have little difficulty in broadening their lead. Indian Recreation Club should take at least four points from Craigengower and so should Hongkong Electric from the Police.

Only the Filipino Club may meet with opposition from the USRC.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

FC v. Recreio "Blues"

RDC v. CCC

KRCG v. Recreio "Whites"

PRC v. CCC

PRC v. Second Division

HKCC v. CCC

Recreio v. HKFC

KRCG v. USRC

TC v. KCC

PRC v. IRC

CCC v. IRC

FC v. USRC

HKFC v. KCC

HKRC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC

FC v. PRC



Maureen Connolly with the trophy for the Women's Singles Championship at Wimbledon which she now holds for the third successive year. — Reuterphoto.

Football Association's Annual General Meeting Next Friday Will Have A Special Significance

By I. M. MacTAVISH

In a few days' time the Hongkong Football Association will hold its Annual General Meeting. The meeting this year has a special significance and has been well discussed in the press, in clubs and of course by football-minded individuals and groups in private conversation.

I believe it is the opinion of many well informed people that even without any special circumstances this year's meeting would have been something more than ordinary, but there can be no doubt that the impending departure from the Colony of Mr Jack Skinner, the present Chairman, has boosted the partisan interest in the nomination of a successor.

In previous articles I said that the search for a successor would be a difficult one and might well provoke stormy exchanges and anyone who has the opportunity of watching the off-stage tussles that have been going on will appreciate the accuracy of that comment.

The more I thought about the affair the more I wanted to discuss it with some currently disinterested person who has a long understanding of local football matters.

I was recommended to obtain the views of one who has spent almost a lifetime in the Colony and, just in case there should be any suggestion of biased opinion—let me say that he is not a European. He told me that he had interested himself in Hongkong football for more years than he cared to recall.

In the course of our conversation he said that he had been watching the present situation closely but he regretted that instead of it being a straight forward election of

a new office bearer, the affair was steadily developing into a struggle for power between the two main interests in the Association.

So much was this the case that some folks are losing, have already lost or are deliberately refusing to show any appreciation of the real significance of the office.

FIRST QUALIFICATION

The first vital qualification, as my counsellor pointed out, is an unwavering and undivided loyalty to the Hongkong Football Association. To this must be added an unfettered desire to foster its domestic efficiency and to inspire it towards success in international competition.

Such a set of qualifications immediately cuts out—ethically if not technically—those who have already avowed that their major loyalties lie elsewhere.

For his closing gambit my friend pointed out with a smile that it would be quite incongruous, for example to see the Chairman of the HKFA cheering an opposing side . . . and it could happen.

Whether or not I agree with these sentiments, wholly or in part, remains my secret for the moment but there are several important points that I have established during recent conversations with various people.

The first is that Jack Skinner, always the willing servant, is ready to carry on with the duties of his present office until his departure from the Colony early next year.

While his short term re-election could at the best be only palliative, it would no doubt provide a welcome breathing space for all concerned to pursue still further their quest for a generally suitable successor.

The second point—and before I make it let me state quite clearly that I am NOT acting as an election agent for anyone—but facts are facts, and it seems that few people have taken into consideration the most significant contribution made to local football by the recent work of Mr L. G. Young who has been attending FIFA gatherings and

It Seems "Little Mo" Can Remain Champion As Long As She Wishes

It was 1940. Summer coming to the town of San Diego, California, stirred many sporting instincts, including those of the sturdy five-year-old daughter of Mr and Mrs Connolly.

Miss Connolly junior had just started school and the journey took her past the public tennis courts. And just like a five-year-old her reaction was "I want a hat and ball too."

Reckoning a quiet life was cheap at a couple of dollars, Mr Connolly obliged.

A simple act. Typical of thousands that have taken place in the past and will, as long as there are tennis and children, continue to take place.

THE LAUNCHING

But none is likely to have such repercussions. For Mr Connolly's daughter is the now famous Maureen, and the buying of that toy racket was the first act in the launching of "Little Mo", the girl who in twelve years was to rule the tennis waves and win every honour in the game.

Two weeks ago Maureen won her third successive Wimbledon title, an amazing performance for a girl of only nineteen. Yet such is the dominance of this

tennis prodigy that her victory was received with no more acclaim than the rising of the sun—a wonder that has become commonplace by its regularity.

Brown-eyed Maureen of the blonde wavy hair has become the Don Bradman of women's tennis. She is only news when she fails. She has blazed a success trail unequalled in women's tennis even by the Lengens and the Wills or, more recently, the Beitz and the Broughs.

And on Maureen's recent Wimbledon performance it seems that her reign will continue just as long as she wishes. It is difficult to visualise anyone being able to withstand her barrage of ground shots.

Despite her early baptism into the game, Maureen did not take up tennis seriously until the ripe old age of ten. Always first out of school she would rush straight off to the courts—the same ones which inspired her to want that first racket five years before.

Here she caught the eye of Wilbur Felson, one-time athlete, crippled in a car smash. He started her on the road to headlines with many useful tips. Two years later Eleanor "Tench" Tennant, maker of stars like Bobby Riggs and Althea Marble, took over.

Within four years Maureen had won 10 prizes and ranked 18th in the United States. At fifteen she had jumped to tenth place in the ratings and the only players to defeat her were Mrs Pat Todd and Wimbledon Champion Doris Hart.

INTEREST AT 16

The following year 16-year-old Maureen made her international debut. It was in the Wightman Cup and she celebrated the occasion with a 6-1, 6-3 win over Britain's Kathleen Tuckey.

That began Maureen's uninterrupted run of success against the world's top players.

Yet it is a success that has not brought comparable reward. Little Mo has come to be looked upon as someone who cannot help winning—in short a natural tennis player.

How unfair to a girl who has worked harder for her success than most other stars. An attractive lively youngster, Maureen liked life; parties, dances and the cinema were almost essential to her daily round.

But she realised that tennis and bright lights wouldn't risk. So when her friends called to go on an evening out Maureen would regretfully decline. For her it was two or three hours of solid practice and then off to bed.

SLAVE TO HER RACKET

She became a slave to her tennis racket. It ruled her life. See what she did on winning her first American Championship. There she was, a 16-year-

old girl, top of the tennis world after beating reigning champion Doris Hart. But having practised for an hour before the match Maureen went back to brush up her service which was "just awful."

This attitude has given rise to another Connolly story that the Champion is a heartless machine who even now thinks only of volleys and smashes.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Maureen, champion tennis player, is also a young girl, and human.

For one thing she is superstitious. She first won Wimbledon wearing a dress trimmed with satin. Now she has a dress specially made for every Final, and always trimmed with satin. And she will never play without wearing the ring her uncle brought back from China when she was ten and a bracelet given her by her mother five years ago. These are not the actions of a machine.

And just listen to her analysis of herself: "On the court my one-thought is how to get that ball over the net—and hard. Off the court? Well, I hope to be getting married shortly so I guess I do have other things to think about. Sure I practice a lot. But I figure the better you play the more you enjoy it. As practice makes for better play it also makes for more enjoyment."

ALSO A JOURNALIST

Maureen is also a journalist. After working as a copy girl on her local newspaper she graduated via cub reporting to becoming a columnist. And what does she write about? "Anything but tennis. But tennis helps me no end."

—(London Express Service)

Momentary Fame For McGonigle

John McGonigle, 28-year-old professional from County Cligo, knew momentary fame last week. With a score of 65 he established a new course record at Hillside, where one of the two qualifying rounds for the Open Championship was played.

But alas for his hopes of winning the title. Two successive rounds of 81 in the Championship proper were not good enough to keep him among the 50 qualifiers for the final 36 holes.

—(London Express Service)

GEOFF DUKE WINS



British Open champion Geoff Duke won on his 10th hole when he won the 500 c.s. at Hillside. The British Open was played on July 17.

English Football Team To Tour West Indies

A team of young professional and amateur footballers is to tour the West Indies in May and June next year. Their trip follows the visit to England last year of a team from Trinidad. Matches were played against League clubs Bristol and Tottenham and against a representative England amateur XI to London.

Germans Will Be A Sellout

Wembley Stadium, where the International soccer match between England and Germany, the new World Champions, is to take place on December 11, was assigned last week by the British Broadcasting Corporation to the BBC.

—(London Express Service)

The eyes have it!



POP

ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

AMONG THE UMPIRES ARE SOME OF THE CHARACTERS OF ENGLISH CRICKET

Allow me to introduce one of the great characters of English cricket. He is not a player but an umpire.

Unique, I think, is the word for Alec Skelding.

Crowds all over England are familiar with the tall bespectacled figure, his mop of snow white hair, the military precision of his gesture when he signals a boundary and his cream cricket boots.

Yet when he was a fast bowler some twenty years back for Leicestershire he used boxing shoes to bowl in on dry days!

Players keep alert for Alec's quiet address— invariably made in a fog-horn whisper audible from slip to long on. No day's play would be deemed to be finished without his removing the balls and saying: "And that, gentlemen, concludes the entertainment for the day."

SKELLY'S ELEGY

But that is only one side to Alec's character. He could be termed the Bard of the White Count. Many is the occasion when he reads his verse. His slower work was given the somewhat pedestrian title of "Duties, Trials and Tribulations of Cricket Umpires." It begins:

"Portrayed by most cartoonists as a snooty,

With red proboscis claiming him a boozier."

Denis Compton re-named it "Skelly's Elegy," but Brian

Sellers, Yorkshire captain, complained with "The Umpire's Lament." And so it has remained. Here's the final verse:—

"So now you willow wielders, And you volley-catching Fielders,

You who stand there at the wicket

Injured innocence — 'Didn't snick it!'

Bowlers who are apt to squeal At a negative appeal;

Think of umpire Jack or Jim; Think kindly please—and pity him.

We are all apt to take umpires for granted. But what would happen to the game if the umpires were corrupt? They play an enormous part in cricket's success and we should never forget the fact.

REMARKABLE RECORD

I am particularly grateful to them and particularly to Frank Chester. When I was a young-

ster he passed on tips which I have never forgotten.

I doubt if it is generally known that Chester still holds a remarkable record though it was made before the First World War.

He is the youngest player to have scored a century in English county cricket. Before he lost his right arm in 1917 he was one of the most promising all-rounders in England.

On his return from the war he took up umpiring on the advice of Sir Pelham Warner and looked so young when he reported for his first match that the gatekeeper refused him admission. "Umpires in those days," says Frank "were invariably oldish men who sported watch chains and heavy moustaches. I was only in my early twenties."

THE KING

Chester became the king of umpires, acknowledged the world over. He has three rules:—

1. Work as a two-man team and not as two separate umpires.

2. Use common-sense as well as the laws.

3. Don't worry if you make a mistake. While you are worrying you might make another!

It is not often players can have a laugh at the umpire's expense. But when Paddy Corry stood in his first match at the Oval he joined in an appeal for a catch at the wicket! Needless to add, the batsman was given out.

Paddy had been Leicestershire's wicketkeeper and the years of habit were too much for him when he heard the snick.

And now a word of congratulation to Cliff Gladwin, Derbyshire's genial giant who recently completed his 1,000 first-class wickets with his medium to fast bowling. Cliff and I were at the crease on that unforgettable occasion at Durban in 1948 when England beat South Africa by a leg bye with the last ball of the match.

No situation, however tense, can get the best of Cliff's humour. When he passed Dudley Nourse, the Springbok skipper, on the way to the wicket, Dudley asked: "What have you got to smile about?"

And Cliff made the classic reply: "Cometh the hour, cometh the man."

Through those last desperate minutes Cliff kept addressing me as "My little champion."

REALLY AMAZING

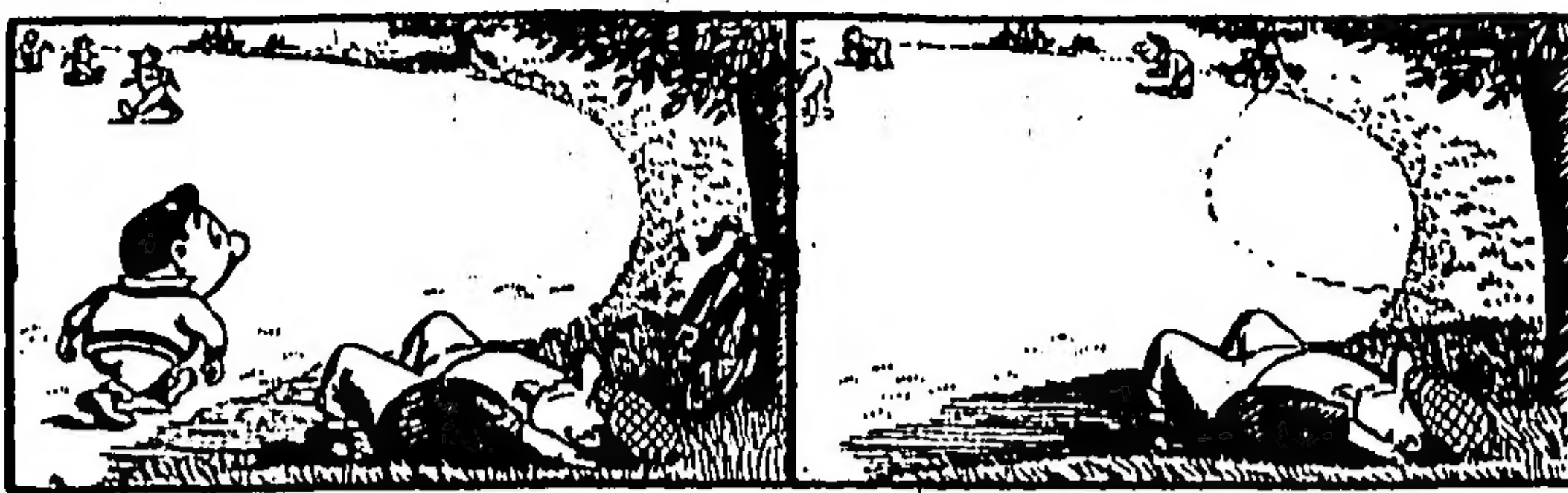
Because of an accident in practice Stuart Surridge has been out of the Surrey team.

Meanwhile Peter May is deputising as captain and if he can only maintain his present form in Australia next winter he will score a sackful of runs. His power off the back foot is really amazing.

Another promising youngster to tell you about is Michael Barnard of Hampshire. He is 21 and a fine soccer player for Portsmouth, too. Perhaps he is another double international like Willie Watson — of the future.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Give Wales A Chance To Stage A Test

Says DENIS COMPTON

Much as I enjoy playing at Nottingham, Leeds, Manchester, Lord's and the Oval, I always feel sorry that the regular Test grounds are so far away from the cricket-loving folk of the West Country.

People living in Worcestershire, Somerset, and Glamorgan—all with first-class county sides—cannot watch Test cricket anywhere nearer than London or Nottingham.

I am certain that they would give enormous support if any Test could be fixed nearer their homes.

Insufficient accommodation rules out many of the smaller grounds, but what about Swansea?

Will Wooler, the Glamorgan captain, tells me that the Swansea ground can hold up to 50,000 and that, with little difficulty, it could be enlarged to take another 10,000.

At the moment the pitch might not be considered ideal for Test cricket, but if the Glamorgan authorities were given the slightest hope for thinking they might be offered a Test, they would move mightily to make both the ground and the pitch worthy of the honour.

Tour arrangements are made so far ahead that I could not see any hopes for Wales having a Test against South Africa, Australia or the West Indies, our next three visitors, but New Zealand are here in 1958 and India the following year.

If Glamorgan were promised a Test as an experiment against either of these countries, their reaction would be so enthusiastic that they might enter real competition for further and regular Tests.

NO LONGER STRANGERS

The first time Godfrey Evans had ever seen Bob Appleyard bowl was when Bob ran up to deliver his first ball at Nottingham.

I doubt if Test cricket has many instances of a wicket-keeper and bowler being such strangers.

In fact, it was not until the Test that Godfrey and Bob were introduced to each other.

Not that Godfrey takes long to weigh up the peculiarities of any bowler. He has kept to so many that I cannot think of any bowling trick or marmalade that would surprise him.

Bob Appleyard's recovery from the chest illness which at one time threatened to finish his cricket career after his tremendous first full season of 1951, when he took 200 wickets, stands out as one of the most inspiring examples of courage and determination in adversity.

Many experts, including the Yorkshire coach, Bill Bowes, believe he is a better bowler now than three years ago.

Bill's comment to me recently was: "Of all English cricketers, next to Hedley Verity, Bob is the finest 'pure' bowler I have ever seen."

"He uses his head all the time, on a pitch that helps him, he will run through most sides, and, even when the pitch is not helping, he won't often be collared. He's too clever for that."

Having played against Bob recently I can testify to his re-

markable accuracy of length and direction.

ON THE AWKWARD SPOT

He always seems to be right on that most awkward spot, not short enough to hook or cut, not far enough up to drive, but compelling the batsman to stroke.

He reminds me very much of Verity, who literally wore a patch on the pitch by repeatedly dropping on the same spot.

In one match C.S. ("Stewie") Dempster of New Zealand was so impressed by Verity's accuracy that, at the end of his side's innings, he took a plate out and covered three different spots on the pitch which Hedley

had worn away with the three different length balls he used.

Bob Appleyard is unusual in that he bowls everything a right-hander can, except the leg-break. When the shine is on the ball, he mixes outswinger and inswinger.

Afterwards he bowls off-breaks and leg-cutters. In addition his change of pace is most perplexing to the batsman.

Possibly Bob does not bowl the leg-cutter as well as, say, Alec Bedser, or the off-break as well as Jim Laker, but, taken all round, he is a class bowler, the type who would serve a very useful purpose in Australia.

(London Express Service)

SPORTS SURVEY

By "ALL-ROUNDER"

STILL GOING STRONG.

George Wilson, the Vale of Clyde centre half, has been in top class football for twenty years, and has again re-signed for that club. He was "capped" as a centre forward against Wales and England in 1935-36 season, and got a "hat trick" against England. He was previously with Clyde and Third Lanark.

WORLD'S FASTEST BOWLER.

The claim is made that 23-year-old Michael Thompson, of Stourbridge, is the "fastest bowler in the world," a big claim. Former English Test Match player Dick Howarth watched him take six wickets for no runs—all clean bowled—against Humber and said: "He is certainly very quick through the air."

NEVER A "FAIR".

John Langridge has been opening batsman for Sussex for over 20 years now, but he has never "bagged a pair of ducks" yet in a county match. He is the only No. 1 first-class batsman in the country with such a record.

FUPL NOW STAR.

When Bryan Bayley was a master at a "prep" school at Bognor Regis before the War he had a nine-year old pupil of promise although he went in last in the batting and bowled slow left arm.

Mr Bayley is now Secretary of Worcestershire and he recently saw his ex-pupil score a century against his county. It was also Mr Bayley who conveyed the news to the player—one David Sheppard—that he had been selected as captain of England against Pakistan.

AN UNUSUAL "HAT TRICK".

Oxford University's

No. 1 bat, Mike Smith, has just completed an unusual "hat trick" of centuries. He reached three figures in his first Inter-Varsity match against Cambridge last week; had previously hit 102 in his first Trial at Oxford, and also scored 104 when making his debut for the University against Gloucestershire. He plays for Leicestershire.

A CROP OF GOALS.

What is probably a record in Soccer was achieved last season by Harnett's Colliery Welfare Club in Durham. They scored 259 goals and quite naturally won all their matches. But they showed an unlucky £13 deficit on the season.

FIRST DEFEAT FOR FOUR YEARS.

When Kynoch Youth Club beat Bloomsbury Youth Club in a Birmingham League match by 122 runs to 66 it was the first defeat sustained by Bloomsbury for over four years! In that time they had won outright seventy-five per cent of their matches and drawn the rest.

It's Said He Took The Hardest Punch Louis Ever Delivered

By ARCHIE QUICK

They used to call him the Black Uhlan but all his war service was as a paratrooper, not a horseman. Max Schmeling was the idol of Germany when he beat Joe Louis and became the first German Heavyweight Champion of the World, but he returned to Berlin in ignominy after he had been knocked out by the "Brown Bomber" of Detroit in their second meeting.

It is said that Schmeling was the only man who ever raised a feeling of hatred in the otherwise placid Louis and that the knockout punch in the first round which left beetle-browed Max writhing and screaming in agony on the canvas was the hardest Louis ever delivered.

Schmeling was over Crete as one of the invaders from the air and he now lives in Berlin where he does a lot of refereeing. I met up with him again recently in Hanover on his way to Dortmund to officiate in a contest and the years have not changed him.

He is still as taciturn as ever, still making the excuse that the Louis punch which knocked him out was too low, still the same owner of a blue chin, high cheek bones, overhanging eyebrows and low forehead. He is much fatter, but has not run to seed so much as some other old warriors I know.

"POLITICAL REASONS"

Schmeling is of the opinion that Hans Neuhäus is as good as any heavyweight in the world today, but that for political reasons he will never get the chance of challenging for the title in the United States. "I think he has a good chance of beating Rocky Marciano,"

he said, "but I do not expect to ever see him fight outside of Germany."

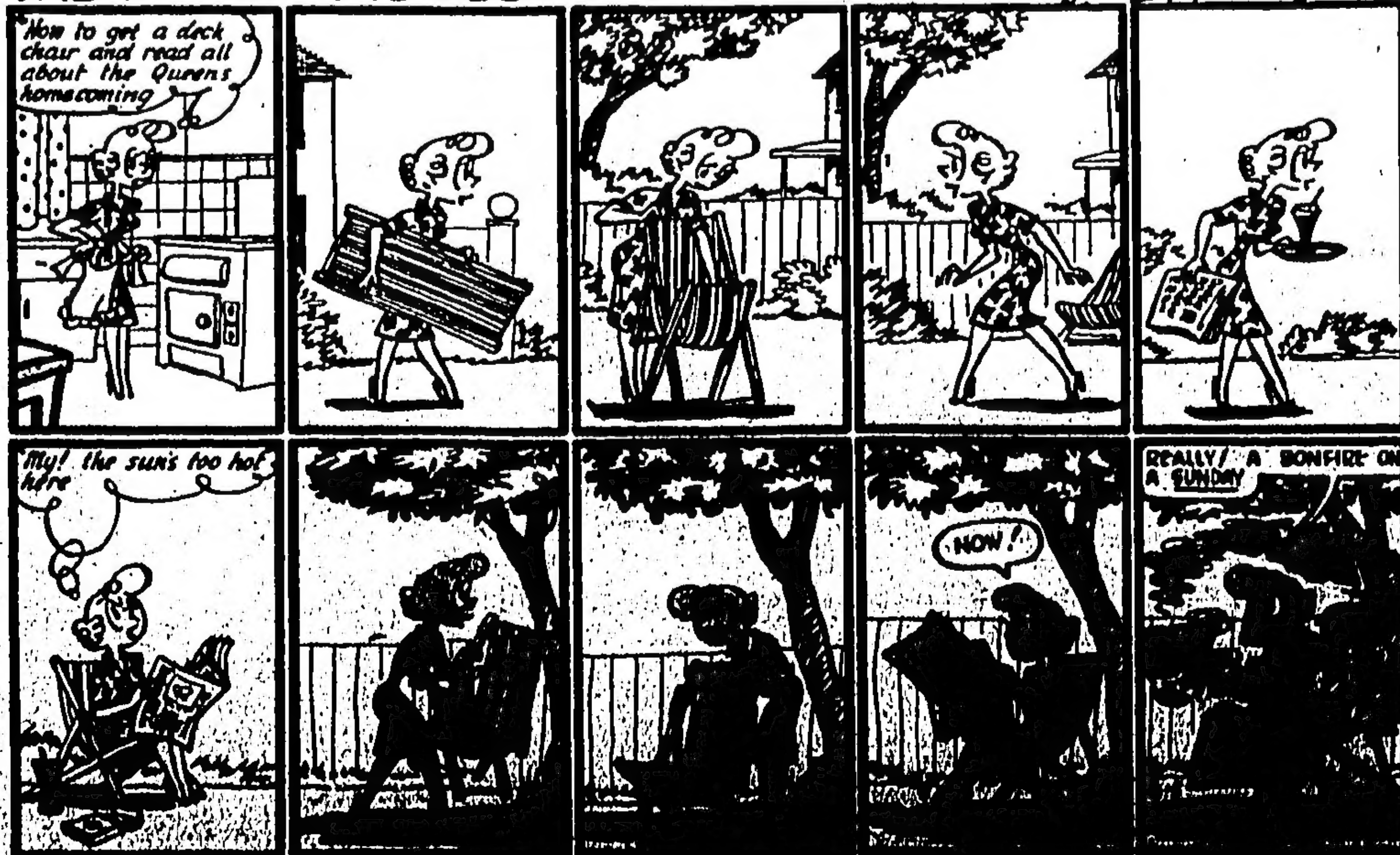
Schmeling told me that there were a number of promising young fighters in the country, but they were tough rather than skilful.

"What I like about our boxers," he said, "is that they go into the ring on a hundred per cent fit. There is nobody, however, at the moment capable of lifting a European Championship apart from Neuhäus. We have some good amateurs though who may do well in the next European Championships and I believe we have a light middleweight who can beat your clever Bruce Weir."

The leading German boxing promoter, Mr Joachim Gottert, paid this tribute to Schmeling: "Not only is he doing a good job of work by his clever handling of big fights, but he is putting in a lot of coaching for German boxing."

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



Surf

— the new way to wash — the best way to wash

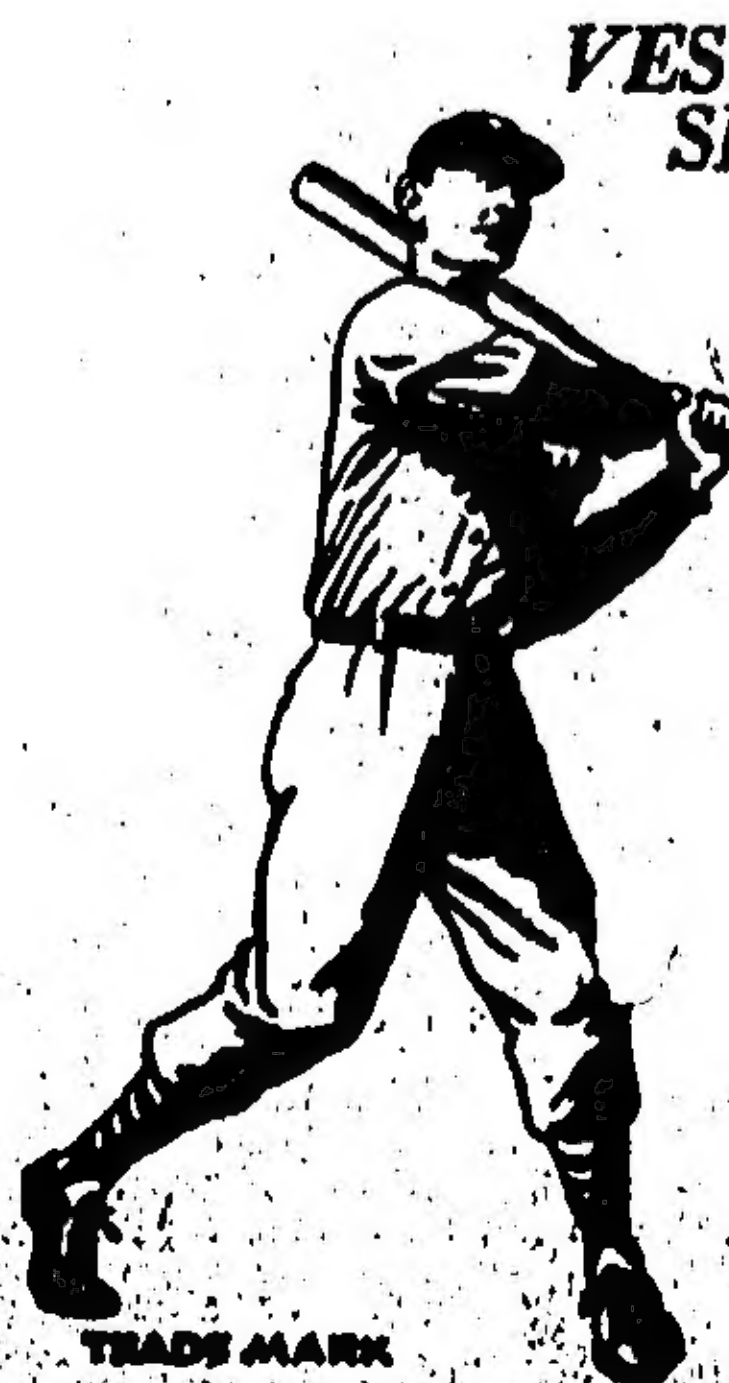


Get a packet to-day. Ask for "SURF"

VESTS
SHORTS
T SHIRTS

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

ALL SIZES



FREEDOM KNITTING FACTORY, H.K.

P&O B.I.E&A COMPANIES

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S.N. CO.

PASSENGER/FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards	Leaves London	Due Hongkong
"CANTON"	20th June	20th July
"CARTHAGE"	21st July	23rd August
"CORFU"	10th August	20th September

Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore

Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CANTON"	21st July	21st August
"CARTHAGE"	20th August	20th September
"CORFU"	14th September	20th October

Accepting cargo for Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said & London

FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards	Arriving	From
"SOMALI"	10th August	U.K.
Homewards	Leaving	For
"COROMANDEL"	10th July	Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg
"SOU DAN"	10th August	— do —

With liberty to call at Belawan before or after Straits Ports and at Bombay if inducement offers.

Tanks available for carriage of Oil in Bulk Space for refrigerated cargo. Limited Passenger accommodation

BRITISH INDIA S.N. CO., LTD.

Outwards	Leaves London	Due Hongkong
"SANTALA"	10th July	10th August
"WACORA"	10th July	10th August

P. & O. B. I. JOINT SERVICE

Outwards	Leaves London	Due Hongkong
"OZARDA"	10th July	10th August

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN S.S. CO., LTD.

Outwards	Leaves London	Due Hongkong
"NELLORE"	10th July	10th August
"NANKIN"	10th July	10th August

All vessels have liberty to call at any ports on or off the route & the route & sailing are subject to change or amendment with or without notice.

For full particulars apply to:-
MACKINNON, MACKENZIE & CO.
 OF HONG KONG LTD.
 Telephone Nos. 27721-4.

the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

IMPROVE SOAP CARVINGS BY USING THESE HINTS

WE do not know who the first boy or girl was who got the bright idea of sculpturing in soap. All I can do is give my thanks to Marvin. He was a student in my History Class and we were studying Ancient Egypt. Marvin made a Pyramid, a Pharaoh, a king's throne, a small boat, a chair, and the head of a mummy.

Every boy and girl has the fundamental urge and desire to express himself or herself through creative activity. And one very evident advantage of using soap to sculpture is that it is very cheap. If you are thrifty you might add that when you are tired looking at your own creation, you can wash yourself with it!

Simple tools

The tools you need are very simple. A knife, orange stick, pencil, paper, and a carbon sheet.

You start with a large cake of white soap. Smooth one side of it by scraping. Then allow the soap to dry for about an hour before tracing your drawing on it. Beginners will probably need to make a drawing first. Marvin didn't use drawings but when he showed the class how to make



things from soap, we found it best to use drawings as a guide.

Decide exactly what it is you wish to sculpture and make a drawing out of it. Do something simple at first. It can be a man, a fish, or an animal. Draw exactly to size on a sheet of paper. Make all the corrections you want on the sheet by erasing. Then when you are satisfied your next step is to trace this drawing onto the soap.

Place the carbon sheet with carbon side downwards, on the smoothed surface of your original drawing over this and trace with a pencil to obtain an image on the soap. In roughing out the design, care must be

taken to cut away the soap in small pieces or slices. There is a very simple explanation for this necessary precaution. Soap has a tendency to break if you cut in large chunks and hence your entire design may be spoiled.

Most of your work is done with your knife. You use the orange stick for making fine detail lines, such as hair on the head, eyes, mouth, nose, lines of hands, shoes or wrinkles.

The left-overs

Can you join two cakes of soap together? There is a simple technique whenever you need a thicker amount of soap to be used than that of one cake of soap. Scrape down the sides of the cakes of soap that are to be joined. Place smooth, scraped sides into a shallow pan of water over slow heat. Insert toothpicks where they will not interfere with the carving. After thirty minutes, press the cakes together. However carving should not be started for another day.

If you want to join your sculptured creation to a base here is what you do. Cut a trench in both model and the base. Then stick a piece of toothpick in each

with ends projecting. Next heat a piece of soap in a shallow pan of water. When the part near the heat reaches the consistency of jelly, fill the two trenches with the soap jelly. And then press the two pieces together.

When you are finished with your sculpture you may wish to polish it. Allow the model to dry out for two days. Then rub carefully with a paper napkin, being careful not to break off corners or projections. Then rub gently with the finger tips or the palm of your hand. However you may desire to skip this step and let your sculpture have a "rough" look.

You will have a lot of fun with soap sculpture and you can even form a club in your school or neighbourhood. I imagine I hear a boy asking this question: "What happens to the bits of soap that are left after you finish your sculpture?"

I think it only fair to let Marvin answer this because that is exactly the same question he was asked.

"Save the bits in a jar and then give your head a first class shampoo."

— Harold Gluck

THE MOON-SHIP OF WILLY TOAD

By MAX TRELL

"WHAT'S that you've got there, Willy?" Hand, the shadow-girl with the turned-about name, asked.

Knarf, Hand's brother, also looked puzzled as he studied the queer-looking machine that stood in the back yard of Willy Toad's house.

Willy's Ship

Willy Toad, himself, smiled. "That thing's my moon-ship," said Willy. Knarf and Hand looked more puzzled than ever. "Moon-ship?" said Hand. "What's a moon-ship?" asked Knarf.

Willy now explained about his moon-ship. "It's a machine I just built for going to the moon. It's like a rocket-ship except it's better. I made it myself."

Knarf and Hand walked slowly around Willy's moon-ship. "Why," said Hand, "it seems to be made out of pieces of old tin cans, Willy!"

"It is," said Willy. "And broken bottles!" said Knarf.

Willy nodded. "That's what makes it so remarkable," he said. "Do you know of anyone else who could build a moon-ship out of old tin cans and broken bottles?"

Neither Knarf nor Hand could think of anyone else smart enough (or perhaps strange enough) to do a thing like this. "But does it fly?" Knarf asked at last.

"Fly?" said Willy in surprise, as though he had never heard the word before. "Fly where?" "Fly to the moon!" said Knarf. "It's a moon-ship, isn't it?" said Hand.

One Thing Missing

"It can't fly to the moon—yet," said Willy. "There's just one little thing missing. Well, I'll see you later."

Knarf and Hand grabbed Willy before he could hop off. "What thing is missing?" Knarf demanded. "You stay here and tell us."

Very reluctantly, Willy told them what was missing. "It's the engine," he said. "As soon as I get an engine, my moon-ship will be able to fly to the moon."

"You mean," cried Hand, "that you built a moon-ship without an engine?"

"I forgot," said Willy. "But," said Willy brightly, "the next second, I think I know where I can get an engine right away!"

Willy hopped on a stone and let out a shrill whistle. Knarf and Hand looked at each other, wondering what Willy was up to. There was a buzzing in the air. A second later, a large dragonfly with yellow wings alighted on the stone in front of Willy.

"Did you call me, Willy?" asked the dragonfly.



"Did you call me?" the Dragonfly asked Willy Toad.

"Yes," said Willy. "How would you like to be an engine for my new moon-ship?"

"Well," said the Dragonfly, "it sounds like a very nice idea, but I'm pretty busy."

Willy didn't have too much success with getting other "engines" for his moon-ship. He spoke to a bee, a wasp, a hornet, a butterfly, a mosquito, and a blue-bottle fly. All of them were too busy doing other things to have time to be the engine for Willy's remarkable moon-ship.

A Moth Engine

"I think a moth would be the best of all," said Knarf. "Moths know the moon better than almost everybody else except cats and owls."

Willy felt happy again when he heard about how good a moth would be to be the engine for his moon-ship.

"I'll stay up all tonight. I'm sure I'll have an engine. I'll fly to the moon tonight."

Knarf and Hand never knew whether Willy really did fly to the moon. They did see a speck floating in front of the moon's face late that night, just before they went to bed, but they couldn't be sure it was Willy Toad's moon-ship. It might just have been a speck of dust.

Rupert and the Spring Chicken—1



"Hello, Rollo, I didn't know you had come back to these parts. Let's go to the spring chicken. What are you gathering?" Rupert asked his friend. "I'm gathering herbs for my granny," replied the boy. "What are you gathering?" asked the dragonfly.

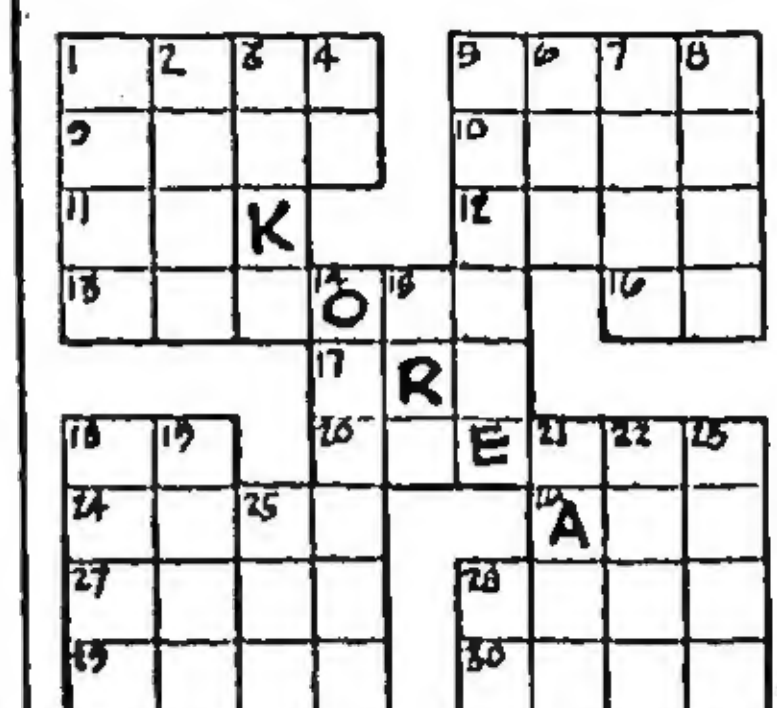


"Hello, Rollo, I didn't know you had come back to these parts. Let's go to the spring chicken. What are you gathering?" Rupert asked his friend. "I'm gathering herbs for my granny," replied the boy. "What are you gathering?" asked the dragonfly.

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Crossword

We had Cartoonist Cal letter in the word KOREA to help you solve this crossword puzzle:



and sixth "was victorious." Finish the diamond.

K
I
N
K
I
N
G
D
O
M

Korean rebus

Just use the words and pictures right and you'll find the four faces about Korea hidden here.



ACROSS

- Plant
- Snare
- Capital of Norway
- Withered
- Request
- Domestic slave
- Play spot
- Correlative of either
- Railroads (ab.)
- Near
- Many battle — have been enacted in Korea
- House (Fr.)
- Exist
- Ancient Irish capital
- Gnoll
- Male deer
- Hardeners

DOWN

- Fly aloft
- Essential being
- Wapiti (pl.)
- Accomplish
- African fly
- Legal point
- Italian river
- Equal
- Country (Hung.)
- Royal Red Cross (ab.)
- Deeds
- Pronoun
- Nostril
- Formerly
- Observers
- Age
- East side (ab.)

Coded message

A simple code has been substituted for the correct letters in this sentence about Korea (which happens to be the fourth word.) Can you decipher the code?

Ulf dptumlof pg Lpsfb jf npsf ulbo 7111 njmft mph.

Adding OW

A number of words ending in LL have a different meaning when you add OW to them. An example of such a pair is WILL-WILLOW.

List as many of these pairs as you can think of. There are at least 12.

Mix-ups

Rearrange the letters in each of the following strange lines until you have a fact about Korea in each line:

WORKS MULE TIL CUR
CHUM GOULD ALAS TAR
POEM LIT CAR CURB DICE

Diamond

Korea was an ancient KINGDOM, which provides a centre for this diamond. The second word is "a courtesy" (11 letters); third "a tendon"; fifth "fortification";

- What writer would have been the best angler?
- Who killed the greatest number of chickens?
- What is the difference between a light in a cave and a dance in an inn?
- What is the difference between a land surveyor and a scarf?
- What piece of coin is double its value by deducting its half?

(Solutions on Page 20)

CHINESE CREEDS and CUSTOMS



by
V. R. BURKHARDT
 ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR
 IDEAL GIFT
 FOR FRIENDS ABROAD
 FOURTH IMPRESSION
 \$18.00
 LONDON: POST OFFICE

EVERETT LINES

EVERETT ORIENT LINE

Fast regular freight—refrigerator—passenger service to Korea, Japan, Philippines, Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Rangoon, Calcutta and Chittagong.

"YOUNG SHIN"

On Berth July 19
 Sails July 21 for Pusan.

"REBEVERETT"

Arrives July 22 from Singapore.
 Sails July 22 for Kobe, Yokohama, Shimizu, Nagoya & Osaka.

"LENEVERETT"

Arrives July 26 from Manila.
 Sails July 29 for Singapore, Penang, Rangoon, Chittagong & Calcutta.

(Accepting cargo for transshipment Kobe/Pusan and Kobe/Okinawa)

EVERETT STAR LINE

Fast regular freight—refrigerator—passenger service to Korea, Japan, Philippines, Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi and Persian Gulf Ports.

"STAR ARCTURUS"

Arrives July 24 from Japan.
 Sails July 25 for Singapore, Port Swettenham, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khorramshahr, Basrah, Kuwait & Bahrain.

"THAI"

Arrives Aug. 2 from Manila.
 Sails Aug. 2 for Pusan, Kobe & Yokohama.

(Accepting cargo for transshipment Kobe/Pusan and Kobe/Okinawa)

EVERETT STEAMSHIP CORPORATION S/A

(Incorporated in the Republic of Panama with limited liability)

Chinese Department: Telephone 28293.
 Queen's Building, Telephone 31206.



"Certainly I love you, Herbert, but I can't marry every man I'm in love with."

YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 17

BORN today, you must depend entirely upon your own decisions. If you are to succeed in life, by listening to others, you can make serious errors in judgment. Learn to follow the dictates of your own intuition. Your cautious, alert mind is always ready to tackle a new and exciting problem, but you must be completely free to develop it as you see best, without the intervention of any outsider. You are essentially the dreamer who can make the ideal become real.

You have a great deal of personal magnetism and are bound to be the centre of any group wherever you go. You know how to influence people and make them interested in your causes. You are a fine promoter and, once you have a good head for business, the chances are good that you will accumulate wealth. It is not likely that you will work early, for you will be too busy looking ahead in life. Many "career" girls are born under this sign. However, you have a strong emotional nature and, although you are not overly demonstrative, you cannot be entirely happy without your own home and family. You will make a loyal and devoted mother.

Among those born on this date were John Jacob Astor the first, founder of the family in America; James Cagney, film star; Timothy Pickens, statesman; and Johnny Wilbur, Quaker leader. To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 18

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Store up energy today by getting out into the fresh air and sunshine. Relax tensions.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Even if others are critical of what you are doing, hold both your temper and your tongue.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You may find it expedient to cultivate a new and interesting hobby for your leisure hours.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Enjoy yourself thoroughly today. Entertain friends at your home or visit others if invited.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Broaden your outlook on life. A progressive point of view, youthful, no matter what your age.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Aspects appear to be definitely in your favour right now. Take full advantage of them.

BORN today, you have a tremendous store of energy and need to find some constructive and productive outlet for it if you are to find contentment in life. You are not one to sit back and let the rest of the world go by. You want to be right in the middle of things. Consequently, you will be happiest in an urban setting, for there you will find the most activity and competition. And you seem to thrive upon opposition. The more one says you "can't," the harder you work to prove that you can!

You are far-sighted in making your plans and then aim to carry them out as originally drawn. Literature, philosophy, the sciences—and even big business—all appeal to you. You are able to put your imagination to work in large enterprises and to develop new and interesting projects. Your women are less aggressive and tend to be demure and self-effacing. You are more interested in making a social success of life than in anything else. Attractive to members of the opposite sex, you will probably have countless beaux. Affectionate and charming, you will make a fine wife, a good mother, a capable home-maker, and a perfect hostess.

Among those born on this date were: John Paul Jones, naval hero; Dr. Paul Carus, noted editor; William Thackeray, author; and Richard Dix, film actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 19

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Your energy should give you an early start on today's work so that you can accomplish a great deal.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Moderation in your attitude toward others, even though they annoy you, is much the best plan.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If your present job appears to have limitations, either be patient—or find a better one.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—The stars say that you can accomplish a great deal today, if you make a good, early start.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Getting back on the job this morning should not be too difficult if you are really rested.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you find yourself unlighted on a subject, go to a good source book for information.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You may need to concede a point of two if you are going to win your major objective.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—It is fine to show self-confidence, but it is also wise to seek competent advice when necessary.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Cultural and business activities can now be stressed to your advantage.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Experts Use Rules With Discretion

By OSWALD JACOBY

EVERY experienced player has heard the expression "third hand high," but only the exceptional player knows when to abandon the rule. The point is illustrated in today's hand.

West opened the eight of clubs, dummy put up the nine, and East was allowed to hold the ace. West looked at the jack, and decided that declarer would surely depend for at least some of his tricks on ruffing black cards in the dummy.

The best defense against such a plan is to lead trumps and draw declarer's ruffing power. East therefore returned the diamond of hearts at the second trick.

South played the ten of hearts, and West played his king, muzzling to himself "third hand high." This was one time when a bridge player's do-it-for-the-sake-of-it motto.

Dummy won with the ace of trumps, and declarer got to his hand with the ace of clubs in order to ruff a club. He re-entered his hand by ruffing a diamond and ruffing his last club with dummy's last trump. South eventually lost two spade tricks, but he could afford to lose these tricks, since his only other loser was the first club.

It should have been just as clear to West as it had been to his partner that declarer intended to ruff black cards in the dummy. Hence declarer would have to ruff with dummy's ace of hearts, and West could eventually win a trick with the king of hearts if he simply played a low trump at the second trick instead of wasting his king.

South would be able to win the second trick with his ten of hearts, but he would still have to ruff clubs in the dummy, using dummy's jack and ace of hearts for this purpose. West would make his king of trumps and two spade tricks, and South would be set.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Don't take chances in traffic today. Better to arrive late than risk a crash.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Spiritual consolation is advised if you are depressed or unhappy.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Extend your vacation even at your own expense if you can. It will be worthwhile in the long run.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Broaden your outlook on life. A progressive point of view, youthful, no matter what your age.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Aspects appear to be definitely in your favour right now. Take full advantage of them.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—The stars say that you can accomplish a great deal today, if you make a good, early start.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Getting back on the job this morning should not be too difficult if you are really rested.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you find yourself unlighted on a subject, go to a good source book for information.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You may need to concede a point of two if you are going to win your major objective.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—It is fine to show self-confidence, but it is also wise to seek competent advice when necessary.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Cultural and business activities can now be stressed to your advantage.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Extend your vacation even at your own expense if you can. It will be worthwhile in the long run.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Broaden your outlook on life. A progressive point of view, youthful, no matter what your age.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Aspects appear to be definitely in your favour right now. Take full advantage of them.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—The stars say that you can accomplish a great deal today, if you make a good, early start.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Getting back on the job this morning should not be too difficult if you are really rested.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you find yourself unlighted on a subject, go to a good source book for information.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You may need to concede a point of two if you are going to win your major objective.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—It is fine to show self-confidence, but it is also wise to seek competent advice when necessary.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Cultural and business activities can now be stressed to your advantage.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Extend your vacation even at your own expense if you can. It will be worthwhile in the long run.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Broaden your outlook on life. A progressive point of view, youthful, no matter what your age.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Aspects appear to be definitely in your favour right now. Take full advantage of them.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—The stars say that you can accomplish a great deal today, if you make a good, early start.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Getting back on the job this morning should not be too difficult if you are really rested.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you find yourself unlighted on a subject, go to a good source book for information.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You may need to concede a point of two if you are going to win your major objective.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—It is fine to show self-confidence, but it is also wise to seek competent advice when necessary.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Cultural and business activities can now be stressed to your advantage.

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

SIPPING a Period in the Culchiet at Antibes, Foulmough told himself that Operation Holiday had gone well. He had landed, consolidated his position on several beach-heads, and fanned out in all directions.

Using twelve different names, he had netted £342 7s. 8d. at cards, had lived in eight yachts, borrowed £145 10s., bilked five hotels, and paid for only one dinner-party to establish confidence. He had just made up his mind to clear out with the swag when a voice at his elbow said, "Why, it's Sir Arthur Blabbe. Hey, why was every-

one calling you Catermole last night?" "Pet name," said Foulmough. "Will you have a drink?" "I was just going to ask you," said the newcomer. "Oh, all right," said Foulmough, who always yields with a good grace. At that moment another man entered the bar, saw Foulmough, and said, "Isn't it Sir Robert Foulmough?" "No, he's my brother," said Foulmough. "How do you have a brother with a different name?" asked the first man. "Different names, old boy," said Foulmough. "Different names, too," he added, "if it comes to that."

David Rose and his orchestra honour one of the most gifted pop song composers on an M-G-M LP, "The Music of Harold Arlen." Some of the 12 compositions—"Stormy Weather," "Over the Rainbow," "It's Only a Paper Moon," "Excellent background music."

Unusual sound department: A pocket comb becomes the principal musical instrument on a new Mercury platter by Jimmy Palmer's orchestra. "The Song of the Comb" should bring back memories of the day when you put a piece of tissue paper over a comb and hummed your favourite melody.

This year marks the 30th anniversary of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's entry into the movie business, and its record company has issued a star-studded album to honour its parent.

Memorable numbers such as Gene Kelly's "Singing in the Rain," William Warfield's "Ol' Man River," and duets such as "Easter Parade" by Fred Astaire and Judy Garland, and "No Business Like Show Business" by Betty Hutton and Howard Keel, make this a prized LP.

Another fine LP issued by M-G-M shows off the splendour

of "Gypsy." Music by each of the 12 numbers is stirring but the "Carmelo Hara" is a thing of exceptional beauty. The "Carmelo," indeed, is a neglected instrument, much more exotic than the zither.

There is a considerable amount of frenzy, too, in the eight Dixieland Jazz numbers presented by Good Time Jazz Records as "Firehouse Five Goes South." Ward Kimball's trombone plays the clown throughout the Sextet, giving excellent support to the other sidemen on such classics as "Alabama Jubilee" and "At a Georgia Camp Meeting."

Personal mention: John Murray Anderson's "Almanac" has been a hot Broadway revue partly because of Harry Belafonte's songs. RCA-Victor has come forth with four off-track selections which Harry treats with equal enthusiasm.

Show Time: Now that "The Pyjama Game" is set for a long Broadway run, Columbia has recorded the songs with the original cast headed by John Raitt, Janis Paige and Eddie Foy, Jr. It's an ideal item.

On the "cool" jazz side, devotees of this forward-moving music will praise the latest Columbia LP known as "Chet Baker and Strings." The remarkable Baker's trumpet stylings are subdued and disturbing but equally convincing on such numbers as "Love Walked In."

Newcomer's corner: A new band leader makes his bow on an album, "Introducing Peto Rugolo and His Orchestra" (Columbia). Noteworthy numbers: "That Old Black Magic" and "Laura."

Top singles: "Fiddle-a-Dee" by Joe Fingers Carr (Capitol), "The Happy Wanderer" by Louis Prima (Decca) and "Yeni Su" by Eddy Howard (Mercury).

Memorable numbers such as Gene Kelly's "Singing in the Rain," William Warfield's "Ol' Man River," and duets such as "Easter Parade" by Fred Astaire and Judy Garland, and "No Business Like Show Business" by Betty Hutton and Howard Keel, make this a prized LP.

Another fine LP issued by M-G-M shows off the splendour

of "Gypsy." Music by each of the 12 numbers is stirring but the "Carmelo Hara" is a thing of exceptional beauty. The "Carmelo," indeed, is a neglected instrument, much more exotic than the zither.

There is a considerable amount of frenzy, too, in the eight Dixieland Jazz numbers presented by Good Time Jazz Records as "Firehouse Five Goes South." Ward Kimball's trombone plays the clown throughout the Sextet, giving excellent support to the other sidemen on such classics as "Alabama Jubilee" and "At a Georgia Camp Meeting."

Personal mention: John Murray Anderson's "Almanac" has been a hot Broadway revue partly because of Harry Belafonte's songs. RCA-Victor has come forth with four off-track selections which Harry treats with equal enthusiasm.

Show Time: Now that "The Pyjama Game" is set for a long Broadway run, Columbia has recorded the songs with the original cast headed by John Raitt, Janis Paige and Eddie Foy, Jr. It's an ideal item.

On the "cool" jazz side, devotees of this forward-moving music will praise the latest Columbia LP known as "Chet Baker and Strings." The remarkable Baker's trumpet stylings are subdued and disturbing but equally convincing on such numbers as "Love Walked In."

Newcomer's corner: A new band leader makes his bow on an album, "Introducing Peto Rugolo and His Orchestra" (Columbia). Noteworthy numbers: "That Old Black Magic" and "Laura."

Top singles: "Fiddle-a-Dee" by Joe Fingers Carr (Capitol), "The Happy Wanderer" by Louis Prima (Decca) and "Yeni Su" by Eddy Howard (Mercury).

Memorable numbers such as Gene Kelly's "Singing in the Rain," William Warfield's "Ol' Man River," and duets such as "Easter Parade" by Fred Astaire and Judy Garland, and "No Business Like Show Business" by Betty Hutton and Howard Keel, make this a prized LP.

Another fine LP issued by M-G-M shows off the splendour

of "Gypsy." Music by each of the 12 numbers is stirring but the "Carmelo Hara" is a thing of exceptional beauty. The "Carmelo," indeed, is a neglected instrument, much more exotic than the zither.

There is a considerable amount of frenzy, too, in the eight Dixieland Jazz numbers presented by Good Time Jazz Records as "Firehouse Five Goes South." Ward Kimball's trombone plays the clown throughout the Sextet, giving excellent support to the other sidemen on such classics as "Alabama Jubilee" and "At a Georgia Camp Meeting."

Personal mention: John Murray Anderson's "Almanac" has been a hot Broadway revue partly because of Harry Belafonte's songs. RCA-Victor has come forth with four off-track selections which Harry treats with equal enthusiasm.

Show Time: Now that "The Pyjama Game" is set for a long Broadway run, Columbia has recorded the songs with the original cast headed by John Raitt, Janis Paige and Eddie Foy, Jr. It's an ideal item.

On the "cool" jazz side, devotees of this forward-moving music will praise the latest Columbia LP known as "Chet Baker and Strings." The remarkable Baker's trumpet stylings are subdued and disturbing but equally convincing on such numbers as "Love Walked In."

Newcomer's corner: A new band leader makes his bow on an album, "Introducing Peto Rugolo and His Orchestra" (Columbia). Noteworthy numbers: "That Old Black Magic" and "Laura."

Top singles: "Fiddle-a-Dee" by Joe Fingers Carr (Capitol), "The Happy Wanderer" by Louis Prima (Decca) and "Yeni Su" by Eddy Howard (Mercury).

Memorable numbers such as Gene Kelly's "Singing in the Rain," William Warfield's "Ol' Man River," and duets such as "Easter Parade" by Fred Astaire and Judy Garland, and "No Business Like Show Business" by Betty Hutton and Howard Keel, make this a prized LP.

Another fine LP issued by M-G-M shows off the splendour

of "Gypsy." Music by each of the 12 numbers is stirring but the "Carmelo Hara" is a thing of exceptional beauty. The "Carmelo," indeed, is a neglected instrument, much more exotic than the zither.

WILLIAM D. LAFFLER'S DISCUSSION

ARTIE SHAW IN A NEW ROLE

A CLARINET virtuoso, Artie Shaw, and a hill-billy singer, Tennessee Ernie, are cast in unfamiliar roles in their latest recordings.

Instead of dominating the mule on a Decca album, "Speak to Me of Love," Shaw furnishes background mood music for popular lyrics which are spoken instead of sung.

Words to eight numbers, including "September Song," "All the Things You Are," and "I'll Be Seeing You," are recited by Doris Dowling, the "Natch" girl of "Lost Weekend," and Robert Pastene. Shaw emerges occasionally with soothing clarinet passages.

Tennessee Ernie, Lucille Ball's country cousin on recent "I Love Lucy" shows, apparently has found another voice for such tunes as "Give Me Your Word" (Capitol). No nasal twang on this one.

David Rose and his orchestra honour one of the most gifted pop song composers on an M-G-M LP, "The Music of Harold Arlen." Some of the 12 compositions—"Stormy Weather," "Over the Rainbow," "It's Only a Paper Moon," "Excellent background music."

Unusual sound department: A pocket comb becomes the principal musical instrument on a new Mercury platter by Jimmy Palmer's orchestra. "The Song of the Comb" should bring back memories of the day when you put a piece of tissue paper over a comb and hummed your favourite melody.

This year marks the 30th anniversary of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's entry into the movie business, and its record company has issued a star-studded album to honour its parent.

Memorable numbers such as Gene Kelly's "Singing in the Rain," William Warfield's "Ol' Man River," and duets such as "Easter Parade" by Fred Astaire and Judy Garland, and "No Business Like Show Business" by Betty Hutton and Howard Keel, make this a prized LP.

Another fine LP issued by M-G-M shows off the splendour

of "Gypsy." Music by each of the 12 numbers is stirring but the "Carmelo Hara" is a thing of exceptional beauty. The "Carmelo," indeed, is a neglected instrument, much more exotic than the zither.

There is a considerable amount of frenzy, too, in the eight Dixieland Jazz numbers presented by Good Time Jazz Records as "Firehouse Five Goes South." Ward Kimball's trombone plays the clown throughout the Sextet, giving excellent support to the other sidemen on such classics as "Alabama Jubilee" and "At a Georgia Camp Meeting."

Personal mention: John Murray Anderson's "Almanac" has been a hot Broadway revue partly because of Harry Belafonte's songs. RCA-Victor has come forth with four off-track selections which Harry treats with equal enthusiasm.

Show Time: Now that "The Pyjama Game" is set for a long Broadway run, Columbia has recorded the songs with the original cast headed by John Raitt, Janis Paige and Eddie Foy, Jr. It's an ideal item.

On the "cool" jazz side, devotees of this forward-moving music will praise the latest Columbia LP known as "Chet Baker and Strings." The remarkable Baker's trumpet stylings are subdued and disturbing but equally convincing on such numbers as "Love Walked In."

Newcomer's corner: A new band leader makes his bow on an album, "Introducing Peto Rugolo and His Orchestra" (Columbia). Noteworthy numbers: "That Old Black Magic" and "Laura."

Top singles: "Fiddle-a-Dee" by Joe Fingers Carr (Capitol), "The Happy Wanderer" by Louis Prima (Decca) and "Yeni Su" by Eddy Howard (Mercury).

Memorable numbers such as Gene Kelly's "Singing in the Rain," William Warfield's "Ol' Man River," and duets such as "Easter Parade" by Fred Astaire and Judy Garland, and "No Business Like Show Business" by Betty Hutton and Howard Keel, make this a prized LP.

Another fine LP issued by M-G-M shows off the splendour

of "Gypsy." Music by each of the 12 numbers is stirring but the "Carmelo Hara" is a thing of exceptional beauty. The "Carmelo," indeed, is a neglected instrument, much more exotic than the zither.

There is a considerable amount of frenzy, too, in the eight Dixieland Jazz numbers presented by Good Time Jazz Records as "Firehouse Five Goes South." Ward Kimball's trombone plays the clown throughout the Sextet, giving excellent support to the other sidemen on such classics as "Alabama Jubilee" and "At a Georgia Camp Meeting."

Personal mention: John Murray Anderson's "Almanac" has been a hot Broadway revue partly because of Harry Belafonte's songs. RCA-Victor has come forth with four off-track selections which Harry treats with equal enthusiasm.

Show Time: Now that "The Pyjama Game" is set for a long Broadway run, Columbia has recorded the songs with the original cast headed by John Raitt, Janis Paige and Eddie Foy, Jr. It's an ideal item.

Fastest way to a holiday

AUSTRALIA

—land of variety and hospitality



FLY in only 2 days

—by Qantas Airliner

Spend less time flying to spend more time enjoying Australia's countless tourist attractions. QANTAS fast, 4-engined airliners fly you from Hong Kong to Sydney in only 2 days. Prompt air connections to Pacific Islands and New Zealand. Enjoy wherever you fly by QANTAS, the advantages of 33 years flying experience. Consult your Travel Agent for full details.



QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD., in assoc. with B.O.A.C. and T.E.A.

Agents: JARDINE, MATHESON & CO. LTD. Telephone: 27794, 59161

C and all leading Travel Agents

MESSAGERIES MARITIMES

P.O. Box 53 Queen's Building Tel: 26631

FAST PASSENGER/FREIGHT SERVICE

"CAMBODGE" sailing Aug. 6th

"LAOS" sailing Sept. 4th

FAST FREIGHT SERVICE

"MONKAY" sailing July 21st

"MEKONG" sailing Aug. 4th

CPA

Schedule Services

All fares quoted in Hong Kong dollars

To BANGKOK

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS & FRIDAYS

Single Fare \$450 Return \$810

To SINGAPORE

MONDAYS, TUESDAYS & THURSDAYS

Single Fare \$665 Return \$1,197

(30 day Excursion Fare \$960)

To MANILA

MONDAYS & FRIDAYS

Single Fare \$320 Return \$576

To BRITISH NORTH BORNEO

TUESDAYS & FRIDAYS

Single Fare \$704 Return \$1,267

(30 day Excursion Fare \$960)

To SAIGON

MONDAYS

